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The QUEEN and Mr. Punch.

BY.

TOBY, M.P.

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THE QUEEN AND MR. PUNCH

THE QUEEN

AND

MR. PUNCH.

THE STORY OF A REIGN,
Told by TOBY, M.P.

Cartoons by R. DOYLE, JOHN LEECH, Sir JOHN TENNIEL,
LINLEY SAMBOURNE and Others.

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Oct. 19, 1897.

A.

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO. LD., PRINTERS
LONDON AND TONBRIDGE.

I.

HERE in an early number of his life's work, Mr. Punch, by the hand of one of his Young Men, first presents his Queen to her faithful people. Apart from this incident the occasion is historic. At the date Her Majesty had been married just eighteen months. A political crisis, followed by a General Election, deprived her of the counsel and companionship of her friend and first Minister of State, Lord Melbourne. Sir Robert Peel was inevitable, and was reluctantly sent for.

The position of affairs and the attitude of parties is accurately shown by the artist. The Queen is seated at her desk, over which is shown a bust of the lamented Melbourne. With face averted from the intruder, Her Majesty reluctantly opens his letter of introduction, which comes in the form of a mandate from the electorate, giving the Tories (at this epoch there were no Conservatives) an overwhelming majority.

Mr. Punch, in those salad days a strong party man, or rather infant, doesn't like Peel, and is not diffident about saying so. The new Minister is represented, in the accompanying letter-press, as describing himself being "brought up to doctoring, and is a professor of sleight-of-hand."

"I have," he assures the Queen, "performed some very wonderful changes. When I was out of place I had opinions strongly opposed to Catholic Emancipation. When I got into service I changed them in the course of a few days."

Even prophetic Mr. Punch could not forecast a greater transformation scene. The wildest dream of the most perturbed politician did not at this time guess that Sir Robert Peel, having turned out a Ministry that timidly, but with benevolent intent, nibbled at the Corn Laws, would a few years later decree their abolition.

The Ministry this letter of introduction brought to Downing Street is memorable for the fact that Mr. Gladstone, then the rising hope of the Tory Party, emerging from the status of Under Secretary, joined Sir Robert Peel as Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint.

September, 1841.

THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

II.

ON March 11th, 1842, Sir Robert Peel introduced his Budget. The speech contained the memorable confession that the country had arrived at the limit of possible taxation on articles of consumption. Of this conviction was born the bold, now too familiar, expedient of the income-tax. Sir Robert Peel cheerfully began by clapping on a tax of sevenpence in the pound upon incomes of £150 and upwards. He gilded the pill with the assurance that the tax was levied to meet exceptional circumstances, and would be temporary in its duration.

As a matter of fact, the Budget Act of 1842 did not impose the tax for more than three years, Sir Robert Peel timidly hinting at a possible extension to five years. Thirty-two years later Mr. Gladstone, Sir Robert Peel's once young colleague, appealing to the country for a renewal of confidence in the Government over which he had presided for six years, promised if he were reinstated in power to abolish the income-tax.

In 1842, the wound being new, the income-tax was even more abhorrent to the bread-winner than it is to a generation born under the thrall. "A prying, meddlesome tax," writes Mr. Punch in the number publishing this Cartoon; "a scoundrel busybody, poking his nose into every man's concerns."

In the general irritation created by the imposition, people asked that at least it should be universal. If hard-working professional men, merchants, and tradesmen were mulct of sevenpence in the pound, should the greatest in the land escape? So here is her Majesty represented as more or less cheerfully paying her dole, the Prince Consort in angered consternation waiting to come forward next. The Duke of Wellington in Guards uniform is figured on sentry duty, while over the doorway the British lion laughs to see such fun.

April, 1842.

THE QUEEN'S "SEVENPENCE."

III.

TO the present generation the Chinese Minister, in his pigtail and picturesque costume, is a familiar figure in Court pageantry. When Leech first drew him in the pages of *Punch* he was a rare phenomenon. He was one of the trophies of the Opium War, which broke forth soon after the Queen's accession. Among other items of the spoil were the cession of Hong Kong to England, and the throwing open to British trade of the ports of Canton, Amoy, Foochoo, Ningpo, and Shanghai, not to mention a trifle for tribute in the shape of twenty-one million dollars.

The Chinese, with grim humour, delivered the dollars in bulk. In the early Forties it was one of the sights of London to see the instalments of the Chinese ransom rumbling through the streets on the way to the Mint. They were piled on waggons, each drawn by four horses, escorted by a detachment of the line.

Leech conveys with inimitable pencil the popular idea of the Chinaman with his look of piggish surprise at discovering in the person of a graceful damsel, the Queen of the nation that doubled up China in a few marches, and brought his mighty master to his knees.

Thus early in Victoria's reign befell the incident of the arrival of an Envoy from the great mysterious Empire in the East at the Court of the Queen of the West. A quarter of a century earlier Lord Amherst, despatched as Ambassador to Pekin, was directed, as a preliminary to admission to the Imperial presence, to go down on his hands and knees. With the dawn of the Victorian Era all this was changed.

December, 1842.

THE PRESENTATION OF THE CHINESE AMBASSADOR.

IV.

IT is a matter of history that in the early days of his long and happy married life the Prince Consort was not exactly a popular favourite in the home of his adoption. He lived the feeling down, and when he was known in public with some degree of the intimacy enjoyed by his home circle prejudice vanished.

Whilst it existed, Mr. Punch, faithful representative of the impression of the day, did not hesitate to reproduce it. In the early Forties his Cartoon was several times devoted to Prince Albert, the style the Queen's husband was then known by. The treatment was rarely complimentary. One purports to give a view of the interior of Prince Albert's studio, where the Prince is represented as manipulating a new style of hat for a dummy soldier. As a matter of fact, his mind, always busy, had suggested a new head gear for the army. "A decided cross between a muff, a coalscuttle, and a slop pail," is Mr. Punch's graphic but not encouraging description of the result.

Another Cartoon shows the Prince and Queen inspecting a new beehive, designed by the former, so constructed that honey may be moved without destroying the bees. This Mr. Punch maliciously distorts with the object of suggesting that the working bees were carefully deprived of their honey for the benefit of outsiders.

On the opposite page we have the Prince presented in the character of the British farmer—a pretty scene of home life, perhaps much nearer the actuality than was designed in the acrid humour of the hour.

November, 1843.

PRINCE ALBERT THE BRITISH FARMER.

V.

THE Royal Exchange we seem to have had, like the poor, always with us. The present stately structure, rebuilt at a cost of £400,000, was opened by the Queen in state on October 28th, 1844. Leech pictures the proceedings under the figure of the Grasshoppers' Feast. Some verses accompanying the Cartoon are interesting, as giving a peep at men and things in that far-off day.

Sings the loyal Poet :—

> "First came the QUEEN BUTTERFLY, fairer ne'er flew,
> On a moss-rose to breakfast off nectar and dew;
> Her Majesty looked so remarkably well,
> That she seem'd to be fresh from her chrysalis shell."

The Prince Consort, advancing in the train of the Queen, comes in for a rap at the white hat with black band he was accustomed to wear, which was as useful to the wits of the day as were Brougham's check trousers :—

> "Her spouse, the MOTH CONSORT, renown'd for his HAT
> (Though we're happy to say that he didn't wear *that*)."

There is a cheer for the Duke of Wellington,—

> "The gallant old CHANTICLEER, who
> Won the main that came off upon famed Waterloo,"—

and a knock-down blow for Sir James Graham, then living through a storm of unpopularity, arising out of the tampering by his department with the correspondence of Mazzini :—

> "And there crept the SNAKE, all so cunning and sly,
> The Pauper-Law Champion—the Post-Office Spy."

Lord Brougham, whose unmistakable face buzzes above the head of the Prince Consort, is apostrophised as—

> "The WASP on his versatile wing,
> Who assails friend and foeman alike with his sting,
> The WASP OF THE NORTH, with perpetual hum,
> Whom nothing can ever persuade to be dumb."

All which shows how free from venom was political controversy in the good old times.

October, 1844.

THE GRASSHOPPERS' FEAST.

VI.

ON September 2nd, 1843, the Queen and Prince Albert paid a visit to the King and Queen of the French at the Château d'Eu. On October 6th, in the following year, King Louis Philippe paid a return visit to the Queen at Windsor. This interchange of friendly conference was an early development of that well-directed personal participation in affairs of state in which the young Queen was encouraged by her husband.

There was, at the time, no specially marked war-cloud lowering over Europe. But Louis Philippe was already beginning to discern the fact that a nation which looked with tear-dimmed eyes upon the ashes of Napoleon, of late brought home from St. Helena and buried with pomp in Les Invalides, must be led to find in foreign affairs relief for its restlessness. He had just provided them with a little war in Morocco, and two years later devised the plot of the Spanish marriages. In the meanwhile, great court was paid to the Army, and Louis Philippe attempted to look as martial as his comfortable figure and pear-shaped head, faithfully pictured on the opposite page, permitted.

This interchange of visits between the Sovereigns of the two countries was designed to proclaim, to whom it might concern, their amity and singleness of purpose. The King meant to stay for only six days. It was not without omen that on the appointed day for his return to his beloved France New Cross Railway Station was burnt down, and a great storm raged on the coast, a concatenation of circumstances that delayed the King's departure by twenty-four hours.

On October 12th, 1844, King Louis Philippe returned to France, carrying the Garter bestowed upon him by the Queen of England. On March 3rd, 1848, plain "Mr. Smith," carrying his umbrella, disembarked at Newhaven, having come to stay. Under "Mr. Smith's" broad-brimmed hat was the pear-shaped head of the exiled King of the French, more fortunate than Louis XVI. in making the journey from Paris to the coast facing hospitable England.

October, 1844.

THE HEAD PACIFICATOR OF EUROPE!

"THERE! GO AND KISS YOUR LITTLE SISTER, AND DON'T TALK ABOUT FIGHTING ANY MORE!"

VII.

THE year 1845 saw the high tide of the Railway Mania. Everybody, from the highest in the land to the humblest clerk, dabbled in shares. There is a local record, that in Leeds, where 100,000 shares were often sold in a single day, the police were regularly employed in keeping clear the streets leading to the Stock Exchange.

In the number of *Punch* in which the Cartoon on the opposite page appears, it is written: "As many as seventeen thousand newspapers have been found in the General Post Office with their covers burst. The reason of the newspapers bursting is accounted for by the fact that they contain so many railway bubbles."

On another page in this same number is a graphic report of an anti-railway meeting of fox-hunters. The chairman called attention to the frontispiece of the last railway guide, displaying a map of England and Wales, showing actual and projected railway lines, "With the country thus furrowed and channelled all over, where," asks the despondent chairman, "were they to run?" The prospect was at the moment doubtless alarming enough. But the lines then projected were a few desultory threads compared with the railway map in the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign, at which epoch fox-hunters, finding themselves in town, go off by rail to Leicestershire or Northampton, and leisurely ride from the station to the meet.

The fox-hunters of fifty years ago were disconsolate, "and after three several volleys of groans for engineers, stokers, steam, and HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS, the meeting went to inspect the kennel."

Five months after this picture the crash fell on the railway world. The *Times* of March 24th, 1846, announces that "to sell any shares connected with new lines has become almost impossible at any sacrifice."

October, 1845.

THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

"TELL ME, OH TELL ME, DEAREST ALBERT, HAVE *YOU* ANY RAILWAY SHARES?"

VIII.

ON June 27th, 1846, Sir Robert Peel went down to Windsor to place his resignation in the hands of her Majesty. Three days later Lord John Russell had an audience, and received commands to form his first ministry. Leech has taken the artist's liberty of making the occasions simultaneous. We see Peel leaving by the door in sullen anger, whilst little Johnnie Russell enters, prim, buttoned, confident, with a hat almost as large as himself.

Peel's Government, which had repealed the Corn Laws and remodelled the Customs Duties, went out on an Irish Coercion Bill, just as thirty-nine years later Mr. Gladstone's Government, having passed an Irish Land Bill and accomplished other Herculean tasks, was turned out by a chance vote on an amendment to a Budget Bill.

"You will see," Sir Robert Peel wrote on July 4th in this year to Lord Hardinge in India, "that we are out, defeated by a combination of Whigs and Protectionists. We have fallen in the face of day, with our front to the enemy."

It was when announcing his resignation and the coming in of Johnnie Russell, that Peel spoke that beautiful peroration, which lingers longer in the memory than any passage in his speeches. "I shall," he said, "leave a name execrated by every monopolist. But it may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of goodwill in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, a name remembered with expressions of goodwill when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice."

No wonder that in succession to such a giant among statesmen the Queen should doubt whether John was strong enough for the place.

July, 1846.

"I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT STRONG ENOUGH FOR THE PLACE, JOHN."

IX.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S comparative lack of inches was, through his long and distinguished career, an irresistible bait for humourists with pen or pencil. Fifteen years before the date of this Picture Lord John was staying on a visit in the country with Sydney Smith. It was the height of the Reform agitation, just crowned by the passing of the bill. The rustics, who had heard much of the Reform Bill, were puzzled, even disappointed, to find that the principal agency in carrying it was quite a small man.

They confided their feeling to Sydney Smith, who was ready with an explanation.

"My dear friends," he said, "before this Reform agitation commenced Lord John was over six feet high. But, engaged in looking after your interests, fighting the peers, the landlords, and the rest of your natural enemies, he has been so constantly kept in hot water that he is boiled down to the proportions in which you now behold him."

July, 1846.

POLITICAL ECONOMY;

OR, LORD JOHN IN PEEL'S CLOTHES.

THE QUEEN (*loq.*).—"WELL! IT IS NOT THE BEST FIT IN THE WORLD, BUT WE'LL SEE HOW HE GOES ON!"

X.

CONTEMPLATING the Queen and the rest of the Royal Family in residence at Buckingham Palace carries the world a long way back. Yet in the early years of her married life the Queen used Buckingham Palace as her town house. The Palace stands on the site of Arlington House, earlier known as Goring House. In 1825 George IV. commissioned Nash to rebuild it, but did not live to see the work accomplished. It was completed in the year of the Queen's accession, and forthwith became a Royal residence.

Objection was early taken on the ground of lack of accommodation, and the general inappropriateness of the mansion for the uses of Majesty. The Queen and Prince Albert were lodged over a basement used by the Lord Chamberlain's Department as storerooms and workshops. Complaint is made of "noise and smell at times positively offensive."

From a report presented to Parliament the following pathetic description is taken: "The whole of the accommodation which can, at the present time, be assigned to the nursery department, consists of a few rooms in the attics of the north wing; that these rooms are very small and very low, that in order to extend the accommodation within this very limited space, to meet the growing wants of an increasing family and increasing establishment, every possible expedient has been resorted to; rooms not exceeding fifteen feet high, and of small area, have been divided in their length and width to convert them into smaller rooms; and as the Royal children could only occupy attics intended for servants, it has been found necessary to cut the height of the ground-floor story into two, by the assistance of a false ceiling, which has consigned the servants to darker and more uncomfortable rooms than has been agreeable to Her Majesty's wishes."

In order to change all that a vote of £150,000 was asked, the first of a long succession.

August, 1846.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

"GOOD PEOPLE, PRAY TAKE COMPASSION UPON US. IT IS NOW NEARLY SEVEN YEARS SINCE WE HAVE EITHER OF US KNOWN THE BLESSING OF A COMFORTABLE RESIDENCE."

XI.

ON September 29th, 1846, Wyatt's colossal equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington was drawn in triumph from the artist's studio in Harrow Road to the foot of the arch at Hyde Park Corner. Twenty-nine brewers' horses drew the car, which was escorted by a detachment of Life-guardsmen. London made holiday on account of the happy event, the streets ringing with the shout of a cheering multitude.

The next day the statue was raised to the top of the arch at Hyde Park Corner, and a blank, pained silence fell on the abashed Metropolis. Never, not even in London, was such lamentable effect wrought by a stone monstrosity. Its elevation added to its iniquity. There was a shout for it to be brought down forthwith. The Government, yielding to universal pressure, consented to the proposed deliverance of London from the stony nightmare. In the House of Commons Lord John Russell promised that, as he was careful to put it, the statue should be moved "to a more advantageous situation."

The Duke of Wellington was huffed. He let it be known that he should regard the removal of the statue as a personal affront. After that there was nothing to be done but to grin and bear it. For thirty-seven years it dominated this quarter of London, an object of contumely and derision. In 1883 Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, then First Commissioner of Works, courageously wrestled with the demon of stone. He adopted plans for the improvement of the open space fronting Hyde Park Corner, an indispensable condition of their completion being the removal of the statue, which was accordingly taken to Aldershot.

Thus, after a lapse of nearly forty years, was Mr. Punch's judgment approved.

November, 1846.

THE ONLY "COMPETENT PERSON."

HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY.—"WELL, MR. PUNCH, AFTER ALL YOU ARE THE ONLY COMPETENT PERSON, AND IF YOU THINK THE STATUE OUGHT TO COME DOWN, WHY DOWN IT SHALL COME

XII.

IN the early days of her reign her Majesty not only opened Parliament in person, but was, in accordance with ancient usage, present at the Prorogation. In these later days, what should be a dignified ceremonial has degenerated into a tame farce, in which the leading parts are taken by five cloaked figures seated on a bench before the Woolsack.

The Prorogation of July 23rd, 1847, in which her Majesty took active part, preceded a historic General Election. In the record of its ups and downs we come upon some familiar names, some critical passages in great parliamentary lives.

It was at this election that Mr. Disraeli was, for the first time, returned for Bucks, a county with which he remained associated till the close of his career in the House of Commons. A turning point of equal moment in the career of Mr. Gladstone was marked by his election for Oxford University.

In that remote epoch, the City of London, instead of being the impregnable fortress of Toryism, was the stronghold of Liberalism. It returned Lord John Russell at the head of the poll, with two Liberals, one a Rothschild, coming second and third.

This same election saw Sir Robert Peel chosen, without opposition, for Tamworth; Mr. Cobden taking the West Riding by storm; Lord Palmerston re-elected at Tiverton, not a single vote being recorded for his opponent, Julian Harney; Mr. Roebuck dismissed from Bath after fifteen years' connection with the city; and, not least significant, Lord Macaulay left at the bottom of the poll at Edinburgh by way of punishment for his votes on the Maynooth grant.

August, 1847.

THE QUEEN DISSOLVING PARLIAMENT.

XIII.

LEECH'S Picture on the opposite page recalls the happy event of the Queen's arrival in Ireland, with a back view of the Prince of Wales, which H.R.H. will look upon to-day with pathetic interest.

"No ovation of olden Rome, enriched with the spoils of conquered nations, and illustrated by the wealth of captured kings, was so glorious as the triumphant entry of Queen Victoria into Dublin." So wrote to the *Times* an enthusiastic eye-witness.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and two sisters, sailed from Osborne in the Royal yacht, bound for a harbour then known as the Cove of Cork. Queen's weather accompanied the yacht and its escort, Cork being reached in thirty hours from the Isle of Wight—an almost preternatural progress, much talked of at the time.

Loyal Cork decided to change the ancient name of its harbour in honour of the young Queen. On her Majesty stepping ashore the flag flying the word "Cove" was hauled down, another being run up flaunting the word "Queenstown." So the Cove of Cork disappeared from maps and charts, and in its place Transatlantic passengers are (more especially after a tempestuous voyage) glad to greet Queenstown.

The Royal party sailed from Cork to Kingstown harbour, and on entering Dublin were met by the Lord Mayor, who dutifully presented the Queen with the keys of the city.

"I am delighted to be in Dublin," said the Queen, as she returned the keys to the Lord Mayor's keeping.

August, 1849.

LANDING OF QUEEN VICTORIA IN IRELAND.

SIR PATRICK RALEIGH.—"MAY IT PLASE YOUR MAJESTY TO TREAD ON THE TAIL OF MY COAT!"

XIV.

LEECH'S Picture of the opening of the Coal Exchange is strictly, as it purports to be, a fancy Picture of what Mr. Punch would like to have beheld. There was no presentation of a black diamond to the Queen, since her Majesty was not present. The building was opened on October 30th, 1849, by Prince Albert, who was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and Lord John Russell, who attended in his capacity as Prime Minister.

The occasion was notable in London pageants by the fact that the Royal party proceeded in state down the river Thames. They took boat from Whitehall Stairs, landing at the Custom House quay, returning by the same route, the broad highway of the river crowded by ships and boats.

In an account of the ceremony written in advance, and as fanciful as the Picture, Mr. Punch recalls a historical incident in connection with London coal which citizens have long forgotten. When Charles II. found occasion to provide for the son he had created Duke of Richmond, he, with the fine benevolence of kings, imposed a tax of a shilling for every chaldron of coal entering London. These shillings amply served to keep up the ducal state of the Richmonds. It was pretty big to begin with, grew with the growth of London, and if it were maintained to this day would far exceed the dreams of avarice.

As the great historiographer mentions, it was commuted for a trifle under half a million sterling—a transaction in which, as matters have turned out, London certainly got the best of the bargain.

November, 1849.

OPENING OF THE COAL EXCHANGE.

CEREMONY OF PRESENTING A MAGNIFICENT BLACK DIAMOND TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

XV.

THE selection of Hyde Park as the site for the building under whose roof was to be stored the exhibits of the great show of 1851 aroused opposition which, though parochial, was influential. As usual at that epoch when anything unpopular was being done in high places, it was fathered upon Prince Albert. He was not mentioned either in the House of Commons or in the House of Lords where the opposition was resolutely run.

With fuller freedom Leech sketched the situation. We have the obdurate Prince wearing the semi-military hat which some years earlier *Punch* had evolved out of his inner consciousness. There is a group representing all classes of the community, made one by the touch of nature that inspired them to action against what was regarded as the desecration of Hyde Park. Mr. Punch himself is shown in attitude of unwonted depression, whilst Lord John Russell, crushed under the weight of London's woe, has grown smaller than ever.

Dropping into poetry, *Punch* laments the situation in heroic screed, that thus begins:—

> "There is a sound of sorrow through Wilton's Crescent fair;
> The Dowagers of Lowndes Street are tearing of their hair;
> The muffins stand in Eaton Square uneaten on the plate;
> The footmen group in gloomy knots round many an area gate.
>
> "And rents and hearts are going down in paltry Albert Row,
> A ghastly line of blank "To Lets" the first-floor windows show;
> The white cross on the old Park elms the sorry lodger sees,
> And straight prepares his trunk to go, like the unhappy trees.
>
> "The word is spoke—'tis past a joke—Hyde Park the spot shall be,
> Where to the skies shall soon arise the House of Industry—
> Pile high the bricks, the mortar mix, knock up the scaffold-poles,
> Tread out the green, cut up the turf, with ruts and hills, and holes."

These verses faithfully echo the feeling in Parliament. Lord Campbell and Lord Brougham vigorously attacked the project in the Lords, whilst in the Commons Colonel Sibthorpe denounced the Exhibition by whose presence the Park was to be desecrated as "the greatest trash, the greatest fraud, the greatest imposition ever attempted upon a free people."

After all, the Exhibition was built in Hyde Park, and nobody was a penny the worse.

July, 1850.

A CERTAIN GOOD QUEEN INTERCEDING WITH A CERTAIN PRINCE FOR THE UNHAPPY BELGRAVIANS AND OTHER CITIZENS.

XVI.

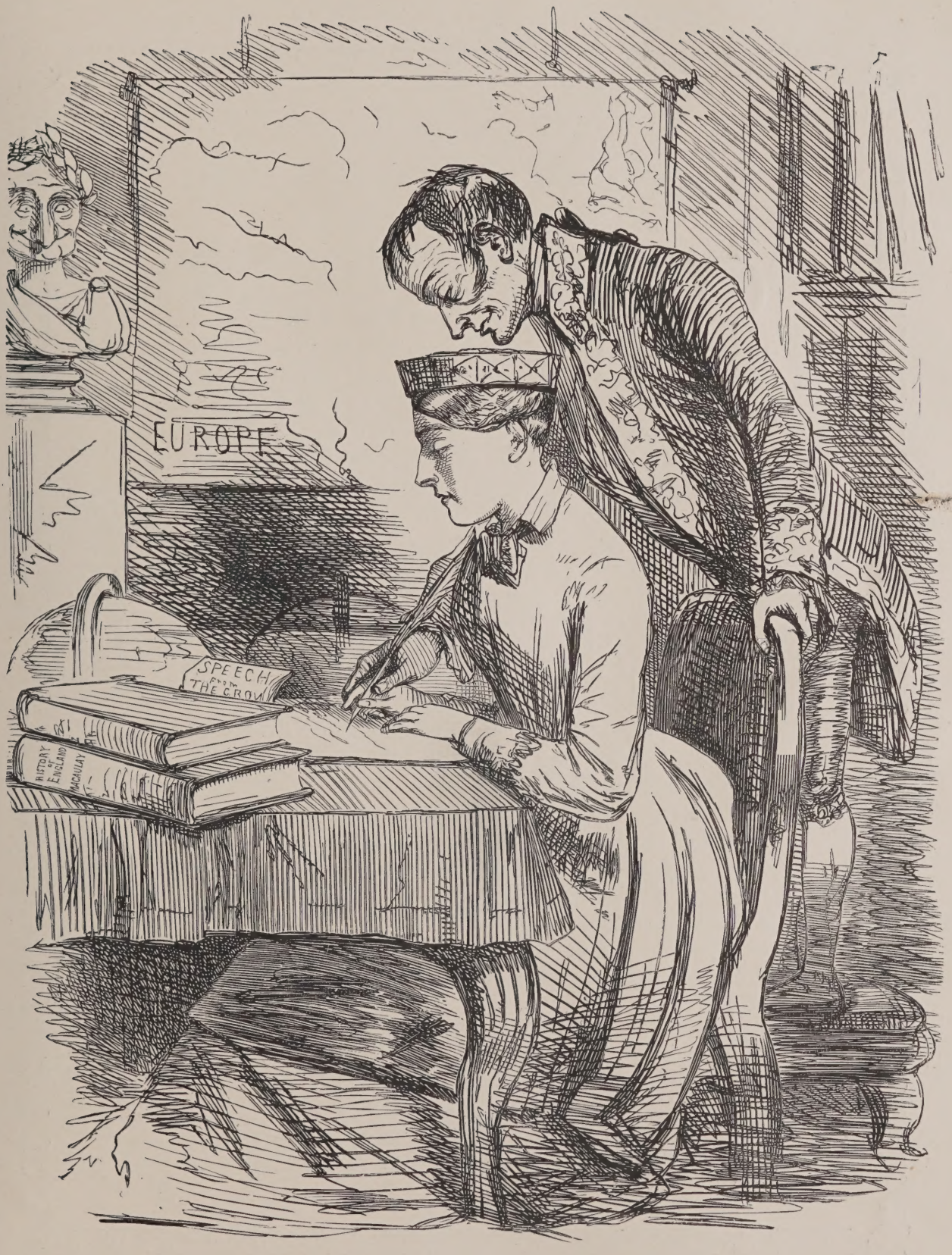
THE speech which Lord John Russell, conveniently raised on a footstool, is here shown to be dictating to her Majesty contained one historic passage, leading later to a memorable *Punch* Cartoon. The Pope had assumed the power of conferring ecclesiastical titles upon English priests. This had led to a whirlwind of angry remonstrance, the raising of a cry which Mr. Roebuck, in the debate on the Address, declared "had its source in some of the vilest passions."

"The recent assumption of certain ecclesiastical titles conferred by a foreign power," so the Queen writes whilst Lord John looks over her shoulder, "has excited strong feelings in this country, and [if this were not a Queen's speech one might ask why "and"?] large bodies of my subjects have presented addresses to me expressing attachment to the Throne, and praying that such assumptions should be resisted. I have assured them of my resolution to maintain the rights of my crown and the independence of the nation against all encroachments from whatever quarter they may proceed."

Following up this announcement, Lord John Russell brought in the famous Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. After angry debate, and some violent scenes, it was passed in sorely mutilated fashion. It was buried alive in the tomb of the Statute Book, and, twenty years later, some one suddenly remembering it, it was quietly repealed.

It was in connection with this controversy that Mr. Punch published his immortal Cartoon of Lord John Russell, presented as a street gamin chalking upon the walls "No Popery" and running away.

February, 1851.



THE WRITING LESSON.

XVII.

ON May Day, 1851, the Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, left Buckingham Palace, and turned up Constitution Hill on their way to Hyde Park to open the Great Exhibition. It was a public holiday, and, according to current estimation, never before had London been so full. At least half a million were congregated within the palings of the Park.

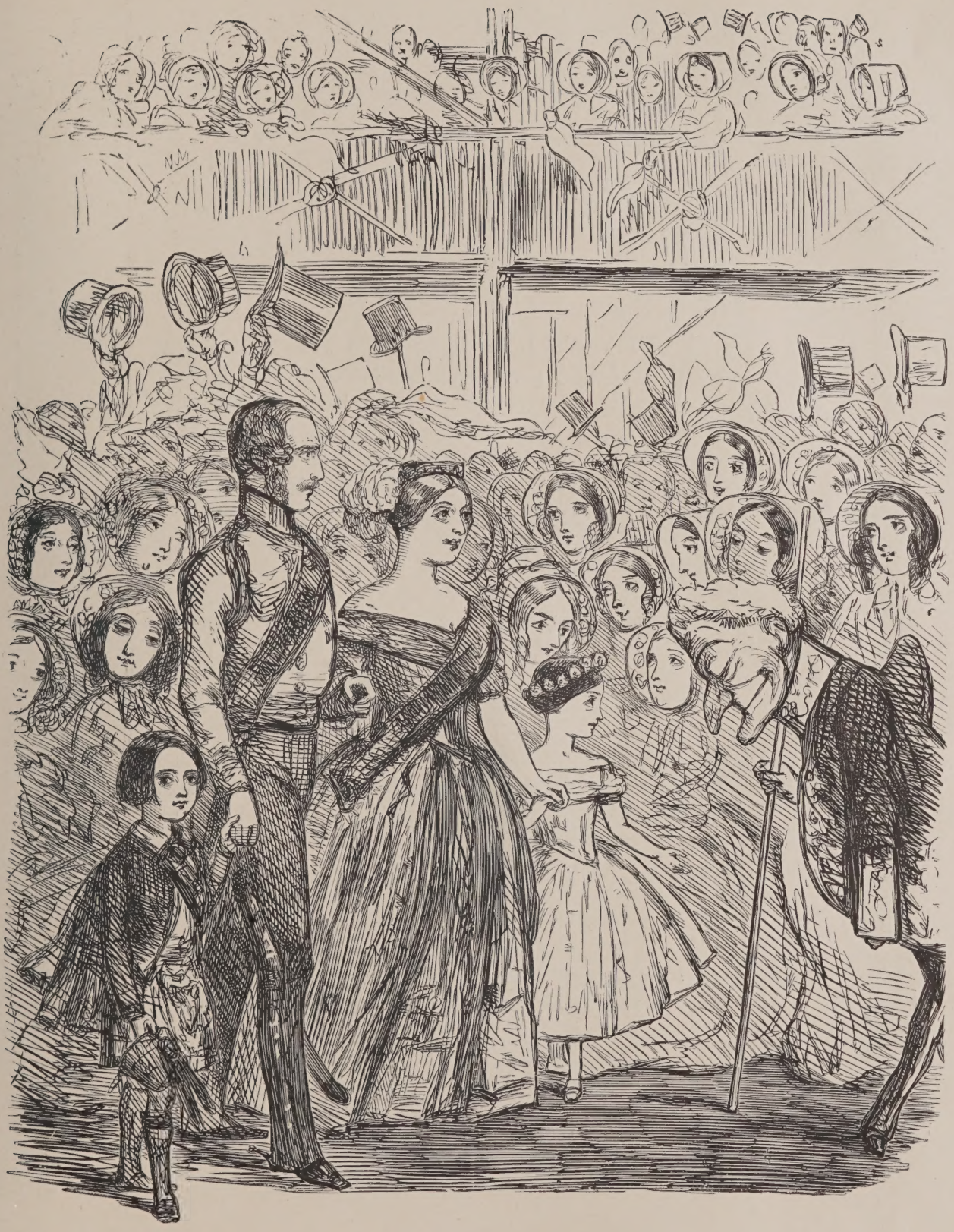
In the course of debate on the Address at the opening of the Parliamentary Session, Colonel Sibthorp, who, in connection with the Great Exhibition, suffered an access of chronic insanity, publicly prayed that "either a hailstorm or a visitation of forked lightning" (he didn't seem to care which) "might descend and destroy the Crystal Palace."

The Colonel's pious aspirations remained unanswered. This particular May Day was flooded with sunlight, save for a passing shower, which, with loyal forethought, cooled the air, and laid the dust just before her Majesty set forth on her drive.

Like Colonel Sibthorp, the Queen, in declaring the Exhibition opened, concluded with a prayer. But it was very different from the Colonel's. "I pray," she said, in her clear, musical voice, "that, by God's blessing, this undertaking may conduce to the welfare of my people, and to the common interests of the human race, by encouraging the arts of Peace and Industry, strengthening the bonds of union among the nations of the earth, and promoting a friendly and honourable rivalry in the useful exercise of those faculties conferred by a beneficent Providence for the good and the happiness of mankind."

The reference under the Cartoon to "horrible conspirators and assassins" was incited by some comments on the Exhibition appearing in the then rowdy *New York Herald*.

May, 1851.



THE FIRST OF MAY.

HER MAJESTY AS SHE APPEARED SURROUNDED BY "HORRIBLE CONSPIRATORS AND ASSASSINS."

XVIII.

"WHY did Lord Palmerston resign?" is the inquiry placed as a heading to a short article in the number containing the Cartoon on the opposite page. "This is a question," it is written, "which seems to puzzle all the wisest heads among the gossiping circle. All that is known seems to prove nothing but the utter ignorance of the best-informed classes of society."

We know all about it now, letters and statements since published throwing a flood of light on one of Palmerston's characteristic escapades. On the day after the *Coup d'État* of December 2nd, 1851, Lord Palmerston, chatting with M. Walewski, the French Minister at the Court of St. James, expressed in his airy, hearty fashion, entire approbation of the act of the Prince-President affirming his conviction that he "could not have acted otherwise."

This encouragement was quickly reported at the Elysée, and reached the ears of Lord Normanby, British Minister at Paris. He reported the circumstances to Lord Palmerston, who, in an official communication, written as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, reiterated his approval.

It was not the first time Palmerston had so offended. In a memorable minute, scarcely twelve months old, the Queen had pointedly told him she could not stand repetition of such eccentricity. Now recurrence was effected there was a pretty storm in the Cabinet, and Palmerston was called upon to resign—or, to be more precise, he was dismissed from office.

January, 1852.

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING.

"I'M VERY SORRY, PALMERSTON, THAT YOU CANNOT AGREE WITH YOUR FELLOW SERVANTS; BUT AS I DON'T FEEL INCLINED TO PART WITH JOHN, YOU MUST GO, OF COURSE."

XIX.

AT four o'clock on the morning of December 16th, 1852, Lord Derby's Government was defeated by a majority of 19. Issue was taken upon the Budget brought in by Mr. Disraeli, and smashed by Mr. Gladstone. It was the first occasion upon which these hereafter lifelong rivals met in close combat.

For members of the House of Commons of to-day, who grumble if they are kept up at Westminster till one o'clock in the morning, and plume themselves on their patriotic endurance if they sit till three o'clock, it will be interesting to learn that on this historic occasion it was not till Big Ben had boomed two o'clock over the sleeping metropolis that Mr. Gladstone rose to reply to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had just resumed his seat.

Though the Conservatives were not strong enough to withstand opposition in the Commons, the Liberals were not powerful enough to take their places. The Ministry, as the Earl of Derby, speaking in the House of Lords, genially put it, had "fallen before an unprincipled combination of parties in the Lower House." This combination was now called upon to carry on the Queen's Government. Whence came what is known in history as the Coalition Ministry.

The Cartoon shows three of them coming to pay their respects to the Queen upon taking their new situations. The tall gentleman is Lord Aberdeen, the Prime Minister. Lord John Russell is sketched in the delightful figure of the old lady in bonnet and shawl, whilst behind stands Lord Palmerston, without whom no Ministry of Liberal complexion could exist.

All the same, his colleagues were careful not to let him go to the Foreign Office. Lord John took charge of the keys of that building, Palmerston being relegated to safer quarters at the Home Office.

January, 1853.

THE NEW SERVANTS.

MISTRESS.—"NEVER MIND! I HAVE NO OBJECTION TO YOUR TAKING THE REGULAR HOLIDAYS, BUT YOU MUSTN'T BE WANTING ALWAYS TO 'GO OUT,' FOR IT DISTURBS THE HOUSE DREADFULLY."

XX.

FOLLOWING on the success of the Great Exhibition there was, in the Mid Century, an epidemic of shows. An International Poultry Show, which brought to these shores, among other things, the Cochin China breed, supplied Mr. Punch with the form of a patriotic Cartoon. At this time Europe was in the deep unrest preceding the Crimean War. Looking over a file of the *Times* we come, in the number dated March 2nd, 1853, upon a passage that might have been written in this year of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

"We have already intimated," it is written, "that a time is fast approaching when the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire in its present form will be found to be impracticable. Whatever political vicissitudes the Christian and Slavonic provinces of Turkey may witness, they can pass under no form of government more barbarous and oppressive than that which has so long overwhelmed them. We profess, therefore, to feel no anxiety for the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire, which bears the stamp of a tyrannical past, a worthless present, and an extinct future."

"An extinct future" is delightful. In the way of a bull, nothing better was ever bred and fed in Dublin. But the slip only shows how warm was the heat of indignation which, in these early years of the Queen's reign, as again through its sixtieth anniversary, was aroused by the iniquities of the Sultan's rule.

January, 1853.

INTERNATIONAL POULTRY SHOW.

"WE HAVE NOTHING OF THE SORT, MR. PUNCH, BUT IF THERE SHOULD BE A LION SHOW, WE CAN SEND A SPECIMEN."

XXI.

THE New Crew whom the Queen is anxiously entreating to pull together was the Coalition Government formed by Lord Aberdeen on the downfall of the brief-lived Derby Government, in which Disraeli was for the first time Chancellor of the Exchequer. There is too much reason to fear that the naughty little boy in a large hat jeering at the crew is none other than the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The faces are more or less successful portraits, doubtless easily recognisable by *Punch's* readers forty-four years ago. Lord John Russell is readily picked out, even by a later generation, as are Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston. Mr. Gladstone, who with this Ministry commenced his great career as Chancellor of the Exchequer, would not be left out of the Picture. It is probable that his is the handsome face second in the hinder row of Ministers, looking high over the hat of Johnny Russell.

There, certainly, are the high collars, famous in a later day, and shown in the beautiful portrait painted about this time by Mr. Watts.

The figure lightly sketched fourth in the second row, with long hair, glasses, and high chin collars, bears some resemblance to the Duke of Argyll, Lord Privy Seal in the Coalition Ministry. Other members were the Duke of Newcastle, then at the Colonial Office; Lord Cranworth, Lord Chancellor; Earl Granville, Lord President; Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty; Sir Charles Wood, at the now abolished Board of Control; Sydney Herbert, at the War Office; and Sir William Molesworth, at the Board of Works.

January, 1853.

THE NEW CREW.

"NOW, GENTLEMEN—PULL TOGETHER THIS TIME, IF YOU PLEASE.'

XXII.

"I AM convinced if I could but hold ten minutes' conversation with your Ministers, with Lord Aberdeen, for instance, who knows me so well, who has full confidence in me as I have in him, we should come to some understanding."

So said the Emperor Nicholas in private conversation with Sir Hamilton Seymour, in 1853 her Majesty's representative at St. Petersburg. The Sick Man was dying. His vast Empire was crumbling to pieces, and it was the Czar's dearest wish, expressed in this and other historic conversations with the British Minister, that England and Russia should arrive at a fair understanding. The Czar made definite overtures, which have curious, pathetic interest, studied after the lapse of more than forty years. He solemnly renounced design of the occupation of Constantinople by Russian troops, stipulating only that the Capital should never be held by the English, French, or any other of the Great Powers. With remarkable prescience he sketched a plan whereby Servia and Bulgaria, then bleeding under the despotism of the Porte, should become independent States "under my protection." Egypt he freely offered to England, with the Island of Candia thrown in.

With the difference that we have Cyprus instead of Candia, this proposal, made to the British Minister in February, 1853, has been carried out almost to the letter. In the meanwhile we have had the Crimean War with all its horrors. Servia and Bulgaria suffered further forty years of bondage, whilst Egypt was brought over the edge of financial ruin before England stepped in, and prosperity dawned on the stricken land.

And here, on this early spring day in 1854, are the Guards gaily marching forth, many of them to their graves, in the Crimea, and the Queen throwing her old shoe for luck.

March, 1854.

THROWING THE OLD SHOE.

THE PARTING OF HER MAJESTY AND HER GUARDS.

XXIII.

THE Session of 1854 was a very unfortunate one for Lord Aberdeen's Government, scarcely yet firmly seated in the saddle. The war was in full swing in the Crimea, and it was already clear that instead of rapid march and joyous battle, the troops had before them the weariness of a long siege. Money to carry on the war had to be voted in sacks full. Taxation was going up by leaps and bounds. The income tax was doubled. A shilling a gallon was clapped on whiskey. The malt tax was raised, and the sugar duties increased. In his Budget speech Mr. Gladstone estimated that the nett augmentation of public burdens consequent on a war only just beginning was £8,683,000.

No one loves a Coalition Government, and, amid the circumstances of the hour, Lord Aberdeen's was assailed with exceptional animosity. A Reform Bill brought in was promptly withdrawn. Lord John Russell broke down in tears as he announced the resolution of the Government, and alluded to some charges of duplicity in the matter levelled against himself. Other important measures were abandoned, and the Session was hurried to an ignominious end.

> "Not an Act was passed—nothing came to a vote,
> As each Bill till next Session was buried;
> Not e'en Sibthorp discharged a random shot
> At the style in which business was hurried."

So wrote Mr. Punch's poet summing up the Session.

These were high old times for Mr. Disraeli, then leading the Opposition. His personal bitterness towards Mr. Gladstone flashes forth in scornful reference to "the sanctimonious eloquence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer." Into the quivering body of Lord John Russell he thrust his sword, turning the blade round with deft twist of powerful wrist. "The noble Lord parted from the colleagues who had all his life been faithful to him," he remarked in one passage of a brilliant succession of speeches, "to take unto his bosom those ancient foes who had passed their lives in depreciating his talent and in decrying his eminent ability."

July, 1854.

THE HOLIDAY LETTER.

ROYAL MISTRESS (writes).—"IN THE CASE OF MASTERS ABERDEEN AND RUSSELL, I REGRET TO SAY THAT THE MOST EXTREME IDLENESS HAS CHARACTERISED THE WHOLE HALF YEAR."

XXIV.

FRANCE and England, casting about for reinforcements in the war with Russia, did not disdain alliance with Austria. According to its stipulations, assistance was promised to Austria in the event of hostilities breaking out between her and Russia. What Austria was to do in return for this service does not plainly appear. How the situation presented itself to the mind of that keen observer, Mr. Punch, appears in the Cartoon, where Austria, having swallowed the oyster, offers a shell apiece to the Queen and Napoleon the Third.

Apart from that consideration, an alliance with Austria was most distasteful to the country. Recollections of the brutality with which insurrection had been put down by the Austrian Emperor were too recent in its impression. Only four years earlier the draymen at Barclay's Brewery had shown in memorable manner what they thought of General Haynau, that murderer of men and flogger of women. He having looked in at the brewery with intent to inspect its operations, a cry of "The Austrian butcher!" was raised. The honest draymen cracked their whips. The brewers possessed themselves of broomsticks or anything of the kind that came handy. Others got handfuls of mud, with which they pelted the amazed Austrian, who ignominiously fled to a neighbouring pot-house, where he secreted himself, being rescued by the police after an hour's excited siege.

The Treaty was described as "offensive and defensive," whereon Mr. Punch remarks—

"Offensive to all who remember
What Austria ever has been,
Still trampling out Freedom's least ember
Wherever its glimmer is seen.

"To all who, for Italy feeling,
Would loose Austria's gripe from her throat;
Who would listen to Hung'ry's appealing,
And lend her a hand 'gainst the Croat.

"To all who by history's warning,
Have learnt to believe that the night
Must still be at odds with the morning,
As darkness is hostile to light."

December, 1854.

OYSTRIA AND THE SHELLS.

XXV.

THE winter of 1854 found the British Army in the trenches before Sebastopol suffering things carrying bitterer death than did the cannon and musketry of the besieged. The whole administration broke down, more especially in reference to the medical department. Stores had been sent from England in profusion. But in the hospital at Scutari the nurses could not find lint for the washing of wounds. Medicine and medical appliances lay rotting on the beach at Varna, or hopelessly buried in the holds of the transports in Balaclava Harbour.

The Army landed in the Crimea on September 14th. Two months later it was reduced to little more than one half. "We are obliged," it is written in the *Times* of November 11th, 1854, "to eke out the scanty numbers of our force by drafts from the fleet, and when our ships were called upon to attack the Russian forts, their crews, weakened by cholera and by the numbers detached to serve in the siege, did not suffice to work the whole of the guns."

Rarely has such misery been suffered by mankind. Worn out by night work in the trenches, unsheltered from rain and snow, the men returned to the camp to find nothing to eat, for only couch a few handfuls of rotten straw embedded in the mud.

The indignation at home was boundless. In the House of Commons Mr. Roebuck moved for a Committee "to inquire into the condition of our Army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of those departments of the Government whose duty it has been to minister to the wants of the Army." Ministers, resisting the appointment of the Committee, were swept away by an angry majority of 157.

April, 1855.

THE QUEEN VISITING THE IMBECILES OF THE CRIMEA.

XXVI.

IN the middle of March, 1855, a Conference of the Great Powers was held at Vienna, with the hope of arriving at a basis of negotiation that would bring the war in the Crimea to an end. Lord John Russell was instructed to represent England at the Conference. He was hampered with instructions to demand the formal recognition of the Turkish Empire as an independent and self-existent State, a note in the Concert of Europe, a weight in the balance of power.

Nothing came of the negotiations, though they were protracted over six weeks. The failure brought fresh discredit to the Ministry, and led to acrimonious debate in both Houses of Parliament. Mr. Disraeli, in one of his incisive sentences, prayed Heaven that the country "might not drift into an ignominious peace, as it had drifted into a disastrous war."

On one of the evenings of debate in the House of Commons Lord Palmerston broke out into violent attack on what was known as the Peace-at-any-Price Party. "With peace in their mouths they have nevertheless," he thundered, "had war in their hearts. Their speeches are full of passion, vituperation, and abuse, delivered in a manner that shows how angry passions strive for mastery within them."

Whilst the negotiations were going forward the country impatiently waited for news from Vienna—an attitude happily illustrated in the Cartoon on the other side, where the Queen is seen pouncing on the affrighted emissary as he enters the room on return from his abortive mission.

May, 1855.

THE RETURN FROM VIENNA.

H—R M——Y.—"NOW, SIR, WHAT A TIME YOU HAVE BEEN! WHAT'S THE ANSWER?"

L—D J—N.—"PLEASE, 'M, THERE IS—IS—IS—IS—ISN'T ANY ANSWER."

XXVII.

IN the autumn of 1855 the Crimean War was still thundering along its blood-stained path, though the defenders of Sebastopol were beginning to stagger under their grievous task. On August 16th an attempt to raise the siege led to the battle of the Tchernaya. The French division bore the brunt of this engagement, a circumstance that made the more graceful the accidental coincidence that two days later the Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, arrived in Paris on a visit to the Emperor of the French.

Napoleon the Third went to the frontier of his new Empire to greet the Royal guests. In that Boulogne which Napoleon the First, half a century earlier, had visited for the purpose of making arrangements for the invasion of England, his successor on the Throne tarried to give his hand to the English Queen on landing upon French soil.

The Royal visitors were received with enthusiasm that cheered their journey all the way from Boulogne, culminating in the joyousness of Paris, always glad of excuse to make holiday. A week they stayed in the capital, showing themselves at the Louvre, at the Opera, and in the streets. The Municipality of Paris entertained them at the Hotel de Ville. At Versailles the Emperor gave a ball which eclipsed the glories of Louis XIV., and recked nothing of the Court of the German Emperor, fifteen years later to be held in the same town. Waterloo was forgotten in the international enthusiasm of the moment.

Observe in the Cartoon how Mr. Punch, plastic to the moods of the moment, wears the Napoleonic moustache, whilst his now, alack! bald head is fiercely frizzled, *à la Français*.

September, 1855.

FRENCH SHAWLS FOR 1855.

1. TRICOLOR À LA VICTORIA. 2. UNION-JACK À LA EUGÉNIE.

XXVIII.

MR. PUNCH here reverts to the friendly relations existing between France and England. The Picture, evidently by another hand, is not so happy as that numbered XXVII., lacking the delightful figure of Monsieur Punch in his peg-top trousers and his prevailing air of the Boulevards. Apart from the political occasion, the Picture has its interest in the domestic circle by showing how fearsomely ladies dressed in those days, how depressing was the style of wearing the hair introduced by the Empress, by-and-by to prevail with pretty Polly Perkins in our own Paddington Green.

The Queen was, as Lord Clarendon wrote on her behalf, "profoundly sensible of the kindness with which she has been received by the Emperor and Empress, and of those manifestations of respect and cordiality on the part of the French nation by which she has everywhere been greeted. On personal and political grounds the visit to Paris has afforded the highest gratification to her Majesty."

From it dates a friendship between two ladies, cherished to this day on both sides with an affection equalling the love of David and Jonathan. To the dark cloud that in 1870 fell on the life of the Empress Eugénie the sisterly companionship of Queen Victoria has ever been the silver lining.

There are some verses in this number of *Punch* which suggest the pen of Mr. Titmarsh.

"Our gracious Queen—long may she fill her throne,—
Has been to see Louis Napoléon,
The Majesty of England—bless her heart!—
Has cut her mutton with a Bonaparte;
And cousin Germans have survived the view
Of Albert taking luncheon at St. Cloud.

"In our young days we little thought to see
Such legs stretched under such mahogany;
That British Royalty would ever share
At a French Palace, French Imperial fare;
Nor eat—as we should have believed at school—
The croaking tenant of the marshy pool.
At the *Trois Frères* we had not feasted then,
As we have since, and hope to do again."

September, 1855.

LA BELLE ALLIANCE, 1855.

XXIX.

IN the early days of 1856 all the combatants in the Crimean War were cheered by prospect of peace. Appropriately on Christmas Eve, Austria, which had for some time been engaged in the business of peace-making, secured a sign of assent from Russia. Previous conferences had broken down on what was known as "the third point," dealing with the neutralisation of the Black Sea. Russia strenuously fought against that humiliating concession, as it was regarded at St. Petersburg. Now there was hope, happily fulfilled, of coming to an arrangement.

How the prospect of further negotiations was viewed in this country is faithfully depicted in the Cartoon. The players are Queen Victoria, Napoleon III., the Austrian Emperor, and the young Czar, come to the throne in the course of a war in which, as John Leech put it in a memorable Cartoon, General Fevrier, turning traitor, slew Czar Nicholas. Every action of Russia was regarded with rooted distrust. It was taken for granted that, with a pack of cards in his hands, the Czar would "play the knave, of course."

To the wailing cry for peace going up from many homes in Russia, France, and England, Mr. Punch truculently responds—

> "We are free: our moods are many: but for this our wills are one;
> Rich man's pound, and poor man's penny go, ungrudged, till this be done—
> Till the Muscovite be stricken, stricken fairly to his knee,
> England's peaceful pulse shall quicken with war-throb from sea to sea.
> As in days when our forefathers bore the bill and bent the bow,
> All her might old England gathers, like a flood, against the foe.
>
> "But across those Baltic waters, if our eye could pierce the night,
> Wherewith Russia shrouds her Tartars, it would see another sight.
> Men are cheap: their lord is lavish of the life-blood of his swarms:
> Brains are blank, and hearts are slavish, but he wields a million arms.
> Lash them onwards—thick and thicker, to the insatiate jaws of war,
> With their dull souls fired by liquor, to the cry of 'Cross and Czar.'"

February, 1856.

PEACE ON THE CARDS.

XXX.

IN explaining the Cartoon on the other side I cannot do better than quote from the Essence of Parliament of more than forty years ago. The passage is interesting of itself as a specimen of the work of the original distiller.

Under date Monday, February 11th, 1856, Shirley Brooks wrote: "Lords Cardigan and Lucan signified their opinion, that they had not had justice done them, and the country thoroughly adopts this conviction. Mr. Punch has, however, tried to do them (and the system of which they, and Sir R. Airey, and Lord Aberdeen's son, Gordon, and some other notorieties, are types) a little justice in his grand Cartoon this week. They pretend that the Crimean Commission has taken away their characters as professional soldiers; as if that was not the very best thing that could be done for them. They blustered about the decorations which the Fountain of Honour had been unfortunately advised to give them; and Lord Hardwicke, who is an exceedingly silly ex-captain in the Navy, made a speech worthy of himself, or an officer on the quarter-deck of the Victoria Theatre, to the effect that if he had been so insulted, he would have torn off his decorations from his breast and dashed them at the feet of his Sovereign.

"Perhaps Hardwicke will abstain from tearing off his honours till he earns some. According to the Peerage, his chief services have been to 'wait' on King Clicquot and Emperor Nicholas, when they came here; and for this he is, very likely, fit enough. Lord Panmure quietly told the blusterers to wear their decorations; for, though all the censure upon them would be shown to be just, the honours were not given to them as wise officers, but only as bold soldiers. Whereat the goose Hardwicke declared himself comforted.

"Earl Grey, with his usual good feeling, tried to embarrass Ministers in reference to an alleged discrepancy between some diplomatic reports furnished by Colonel Rose and Lord Stratford. For this he was rather well snubbed by Lord Clarendon, who showed the unimportance of the affair, beyond its proving that Prince Menschikoff, when bullying the poor Turkish Ministers, had actually frightened them into telling stories. Clarendon introduced a little puff for Stratford, who, he declared, was the best friend Turkey had in the whole world."

February, 1856.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

(As Performed at Windsor Castle.)

TITANIA, QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES . . . HER MAJESTY. *BOTTOM* . . . BY GENERAL MISMANAGEMENT.

XXXI.

IN the spring of 1856 a well-meant, if not entirely wisely-conducted, agitation was got up in favour of bringing into closer touch the manner of observing Sunday in England with the fashion prevailing in Scotland. Meetings were held at Exeter Hall, with the result of the establishment of a Society for Promoting the Due Observance of the Lord's Day. Endowed with an abnormally active secretary, the Society pestered private individuals and public associations with circulars and remonstrances. They besought persons addressed to "struggle against every artifice adopted to allure the people from their homes on the Sabbath."

Mr. Punch, nothing if not logical, asserts that to leave the gates of Kew Gardens open on a Sunday is an artifice calculated to have the effect lamented by the Society. Going further afield, he points out that the flowers of the field, the woods, and groves, if they are to be seen on Sunday, must also operate to the allurement of mankind from their homes on the day of rest. The Society for Promoting the Due Observance of the Lord's Day, therefore, proposes (so Mr. Punch gravely reports) to purchase an unlimited quantity of drugget to lay down on Sundays over the carpet of the meadows, the hills, and dales, and as much black crape as may be needful, to be made into veils for the trees, and other beauties of nature. The Society is further represented as saying that if the horse-chestnut trees in Bushey Park were thus veiled on Sunday it would prevent much of the desecration of that day now caused by their being out in bloom.

The playing of the band at Windsor Terrace on Sundays was a powerful bait. But, as is pointed out in the Cartoon, circumstances alter cases.

June, 1856.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

HER M—J—S—Y.—"WELL, MY LORD—THEN I SUPPOSE MY SUNDAY BAND MUST BE GIVEN UP, TOO!"
CANT.—"OH DE—AR NO, YOUR MAJESTY, THAT'S *QUITE A DIFFERENT THING!*"

XXXII.

THE French soldier, in the trenches before Sebastopol, on the heights of Alma, and in the valley of the Tchernaya, was cheered by the hope of doing something that should win for him the Legion of Honour. For the English soldier, whether officer or private, there was no analogous guerdon. It was characteristic of the way things were managed at that time that not till the war was over was the Victoria Cross invented. More than a year after peace was signed, on May 26th, 1857, the Queen, attended by a brilliant staff, drove into Hyde Park, where were drawn up the heroes of the war to whom the prized honour had been awarded. They were sixty-two in number. Advancing one by one, amid the cheers of the multitudinous throng, the Queen pinned the Cross upon each man's breast.

Mr. Punch modestly pictures a ceremony omitted from the ordered list. He does not hesitate to supply, after the manner of the *Gazette*, particulars of the distinguished services for which the Cross is awarded to himself. Here are a few of his claims on public esteem and the favour of his Sovereign, modestly put forth—

"For having made war upon Russia, and for having finally humiliated her, and compelled her to sign a Treaty.

"For having smashed the Albert hat.

"For having repulsed intended invasions by France and America.

"For having overthrown the timid Ministry of Lord John Russell.

"For having overthrown the foolish Ministry of Lord Derby.

"For having overthrown the un-English Ministry of Lord Aberdeen.

"For having made Lord Palmerston Minister of England, and pledged him to Reform.

"For having put down the Sabbatarians, and for having secured rational liberty to the millions in respect to Sunday observance.

"For having created the Great Exhibition of 1851.

"For having built and christened the Crystal Palace.

"For having compelled the Government to reduce the Income-Tax.

"For having suggested every reform and improvement which have been effected in the world since July, 1841, and for intending to pursue the same course as long as the world requires any amendment whatever."

July, 1857.

MR. PUNCH RECEIVING THE VICTORIA CROSS.

XXXIII.

IF the Victoria Cross was too late to be distributed on the field of battle in the Crimea, it was just in time for another struggle, in which the constancy and valour of English soldiers were not less gloriously vindicated. On the very day after the multitude in Hyde Park, tired of war, glad in the prospect of prolonged peace, cheered the Queen and the recipients of the Victoria Cross, came news of the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny.

At Meerut the Sepoys had broken into revolt. Marching on Delhi, they seized the ancient city, massacred European men, women, and children, robbed the bank, and proclaimed the son of the last Mogul Emperor King of Delhi. It is a striking commentary on the marvellous advance made during the Queen's reign in the direction of spreading news, that whilst the mutiny flashed out on May 10th, it was not known in London till June 27th. Afterwards, in quick succession, came fuller particulars of ruthless massacre, gallant fight against overwhelming odds, and, gradually, of victory all along the line.

What England suffered in those days of suspense only those who lived through them can realise. In this fine Picture, where we have earliest (?) trace of a hand which to this day happily adorns the Cartoon page of *Punch*, we see the Queen making common cause with her people, widowed and made fatherless at Delhi, Lucknow, and Cawnpore.

At the time of the issue of this number the latest news in London was that Delhi was still in the hands of the rebels, and that the Presidency at Lucknow was besieged. As a matter of fact the Queen's prayer had already been answered. Delhi had been captured by "steel-hearted British soldiers," and "the God of Battles" had led Havelock to the relief of Lucknow.

October, 1857.

"O GOD OF BATTLES! STEEL MY SOLDIERS' HEARTS!"

Henry V., Act IV.

XXXIV.

HOW slight were the bonds forged in the Crimea between two ancient foemen was proved within two years of the fall of Sebastopol. In January, 1858, as the Emperor and Empress of the French were driving to the Opera, three bombs were thrown in succession. One falling beneath the carriage burst with terrific force. A horse was killed, the coachman wounded, but the Emperor and Empress escaped with slight scratches from splinters of broken glass. In the street ten people were killed and a hundred and fifty-six wounded, whilst the houses in the Rue Lepelletier were seared with marks of the explosion.

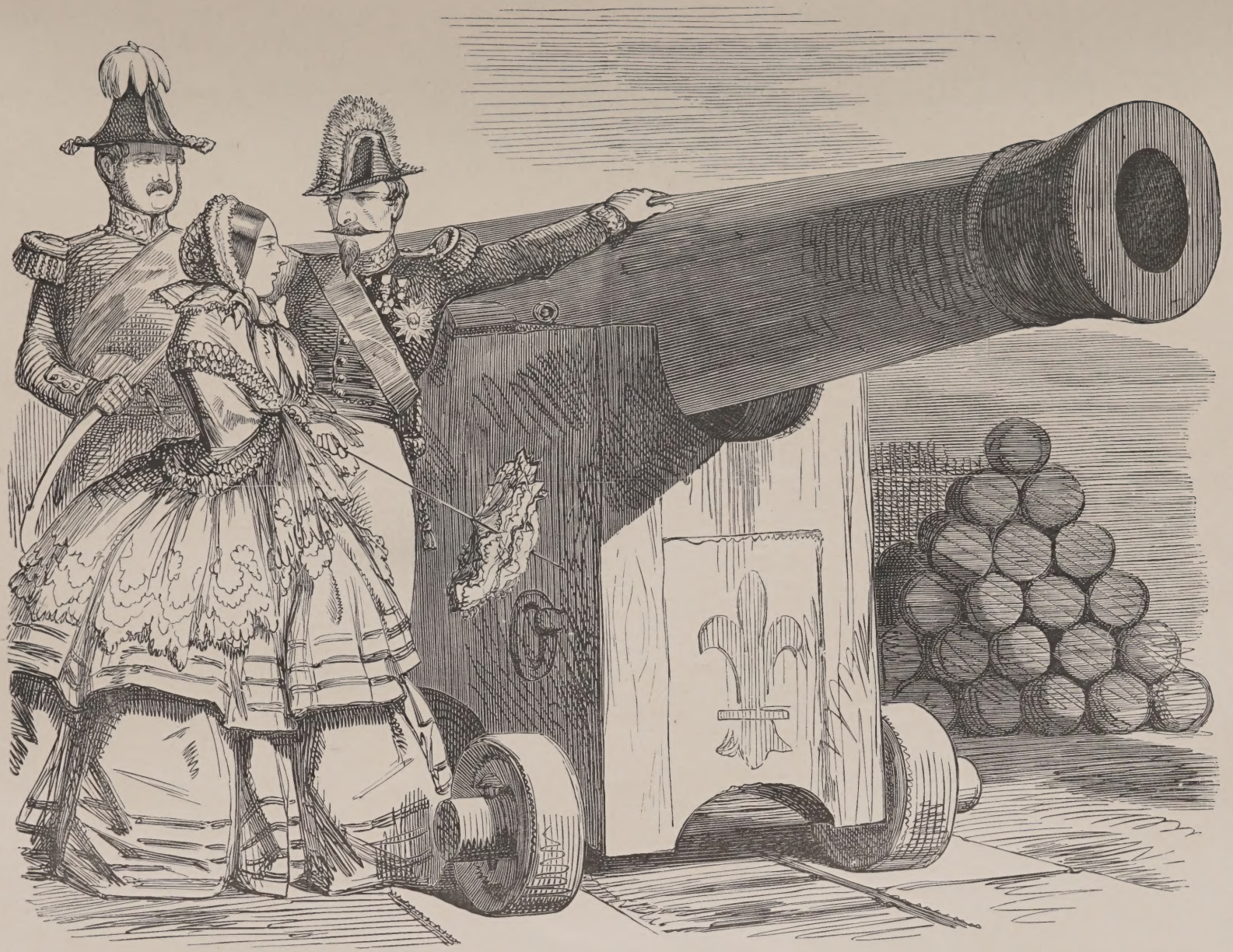
The explosion of the bombs was followed by a scarcely less fierce explosion of hatred of England. There was no doubt that the bombs had been manufactured in Birmingham. One of Orsini's accomplices, Simon Bernard, was resident in London. His extradition was demanded, and, naturally enough, passion was not assuaged when a British jury acquitted him. It seemed for a while as if war was inevitable. The French colonels broke out into shrieking demands to be led *à Londres*.

"In our manly hearts," wrote the colonels of the 59th Regiment to the Emperor, "indignation, succeeding to our gratitude to God, moves us to demand an account from the land of impurity which contains the monsters who are sheltered by its laws. Give us the order, sire, and we will pursue them to their strongholds."

Mr. Punch responded to this outbreak with a famous Cartoon, entitled "The Crowing Colonel." Some one, dating from the Army and Navy Club, sent a copy of the current number of *Punch* to an officer in command of a French regiment, with a message purporting to be despatched by the Club. The Club unavailingly offered a reward of £50 for the discovery of the writer.

In this temper of the day the Emperor and Queen talk about guns.

July, 1858.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO CHERBOURG ANTICIPATED.

THE EMPEROR.—"A FINE GUN, YOUR MAJESTY." *THE QUEEN.*—"YES! EXACTLY LIKE A NUMBER WE HAVE AT WOOLWICH!"

XXXV.

IN the Session of 1858 there passed through both Houses of Parliament an Act for the Better Government of India. Its simple object was to transfer the rule of the territories of India from John Company to Queen Victoria. On September 1st, 1858, the East India Company, with its long renown, ceased to be, and on November 1st Proclamation was issued from Allahabad announcing that thenceforth all acts of the Government of India would be done in the name of the Queen.

It will be observed that in the Cartoon celebrating the event *Punch* hails her Majesty "Queen of India." It was reserved for Mr. Disraeli, many years later, to endow his Sovereign with the more resonant style, Empress of India. Addressing her Majesty, *Punch* said—

"To thee is given another land,
Another title of renown,
Another sceptre in thy hand,
And on thy head another crown.
To India now at last appears
Hope that before she ne'er had seen.
She smiles upon thee through her tears,
And looks for aid to England's Queen.

* * *

"Too long neglected, at thy hands,
Benignant culture she requires,
She asks for irrigated lands,
And iron roads and lightning-wires;
For missionaries who shall preach,
Beyond dispute, by what they do,
And in persuasive silence teach
In showing what is good and true."

How splendidly this appeal has been responded to is shown by the state of India to-day as compared with her condition when she knelt to do homage to her Sovereign Lady.

September, 1858.

THE ACCESSION OF THE QUEEN OF INDIA.

XXXVI.

WITH the spring flowers of 1859 came an equally plentiful crop of rumours of war. Napoleon III., at the height of his power, was in the zenith of suspicion with honest men. There had just appeared the famous pamphlet, "Napoleon III. et l'Italie." The shrewd surmise that it meant war with Austria was justified when, upon Austria invading Sardinia, France declared war, and in the month of May entered upon that campaign which, somewhat to the Emperor Napoleon's embarrassment, made Free Italy.

In other parts of the world there was unrest. Murmur of the great quarrel that rent the United States was beginning to rise both North and South. England had at the time no quarrel with any one. Nevertheless it was well to be prepared for emergencies. As Mr. Punch put the case in lilting verse—

"It is not that a small bird sings
With aught of warning voice,
And bids distrust Anointed kings,
Or chiefs, the People's Choice.
We trust them all, with all our soul,
We know their honour's high;
But still we think, upon the whole,
We'll keep our powder dry.

* * *

"No armed three-deckers crowd a dock,
No soldiers mass and drill;
No royal hands, on rifle's lock,
Test how the gun will kill.
No cannon stores with strange increase
Pacific pledge belie;
But though the world's so lapped in peace,
WE'LL KEEP OUR POWDER DRY."

March, 1859.

THE QUEEN IN HER STORE-ROOM.

HER MAJESTY (TO HER FAITHFUL SERVANT).—"I DON'T KNOW WHAT MAY HAPPEN, MR. BULL, BUT 'KEEP OUR POWDER DRY.'"

XXXVII.

EARLY in the Session of 1859 Lord Derby's Government was defeated in the Commons on an amendment to the Reform Bill. Lord Derby appealed to the country with so little success, that when the new Parliament met a vote of "No Confidence" was moved by the Opposition, and the Government were defeated by a majority of thirteen.

The debate was memorable, amongst other things, for the fact that for the first time Lord Hartington found himself filling a prominent place in the House of Commons. The Liberal leaders, looking about for some one to move the resolution upon which they had decided, fixed upon the then young heir to the Dukedom of Devonshire.

There was a fierce debate, lasting three days, Mr. Disraeli, with his back to the wall, struggling gallantly.

"The Red Indian of debate," Sir James Graham, who had many old scores to pay off, called Lord Derby's first lieutenant. "By the use of the tomahawk he has cut his way to power, and by recurrence to the scalping system he hopes to prevent the loss of it."

It proved for a while easier to turn out the old Ministry than to form a new one. Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell were in public estimation bracketed in the running for the Premiership. The Queen, as she explained to Lord Granville in a conversation officially published, felt that "to make so marked a distinction as is implied in the choice of one or other as Prime Minister would be a very invidious and unwelcome task."

Therefore, with that instinct of management that has distinguished her Majesty at recurrent crises, she "sent for Lord Granville, the acknowledged leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Lords, in whom both Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston had been in the habit of placing confidence, and who might have greater facilities for uniting the whole Liberal Party under one Administration than could be enjoyed by either of the sectional leaders."

This well-laid scheme went agley. Lord John Russell would not serve under Lord Granville, but was content to play second fiddle to Lord Palmerston, who thus entered upon his memorable Premiership.

Meanwhile Lord Derby was comforted with the Garter.

June, 1859.

BALM FOR THE WOUNDED.

H—R M—J—STY.—"POOR LITTLE MAN. DID HE HAVE A NASTY TUMBLE? HERE'S SOMETHING TO MAKE HIM ALL RIGHT AGAIN!"

XXXVIII.

ONE result of the uneasiness created in this country by the military activity and successes of Napoleon the Third was the establishment of the Volunteer Force. As early as 1852 the idea was generated, and found expression in a representation made from Newcastle-on-Tyne to Sir George Grey, inviting Government sanction for the formation of a Volunteer Company. The Home Secretary returned the customary politely vague official answer. In this case, however, it was followed by unusually prompt action. On February 21st, 1852, the Royal sanction was conveyed to the Lord-Lieutenant for the formation of a Rifle Corps in Cheltenham.

It was not till 1859 that the matter was seriously taken in hand by the War Office. On May 12th in that year a mandate was issued from the War Office sanctioning the formation of Volunteer Rifle Corps under an Act passed in the reign of George III. In towns where there were forts or batteries Artillery Corps were also authorised. With the colonels fuming in Paris and Napoleon the Third riding off to the war with Austria, (eventually, as some thought, coming round by London), the Volunteer movement took on with amazing rapidity. It was the fashion of the hour, all sorts and conditions of men joining it. The National Rifle Association was instituted, and a camp was formed at Wimbledon. The Queen personally associated herself with the patriotic movement by firing the first shot.

Mr. Punch did not carry out his loyal and patriotic intention of serving as a rest for the Queen's rifle. Nevertheless, her Majesty made a centre. The Queen's Prize of £250 was competed for, and won by Mr. Ross, of the 7th North York. To-day the Volunteers are a recognised auxiliary branch of the Army, figuring in the Army Estimates for a vote of over three-quarters of a million sterling. Among the creations and products of the Queen's long reign the Volunteer Force is by no means the least valuable.

July, 1860.

BEST REST FOR THE QUEEN'S RIFLE.

XXXIX.

ON August 21st, 1861, the Queen steamed into Kingstown on her third and, as it turned out, last visit to Ireland. It was prolonged over a week, and extended as far westward as Killarney. The Queen, accompanied by the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and the Prince Alfred, was, as on her earlier visits, received with unbounded enthusiasm.

The journey was memorable, amongst other things, for the circumstance that it was the last holiday the Queen made in company with her husband. The Prince Consort returned from his visit to Ireland apparently in the best of health, obviously in the highest spirits. On December 11th the public were alarmed by the publication of a bulletin announcing that "his Royal Highness is suffering from fever unattended by unfavourable symptoms, but likely to continue for some time." Three days later, being a Saturday, and midnight but an hour off, the Prince, rapidly becoming weaker, died without suffering.

Since the autumn holiday of that year the Queen has never again set foot in Ireland.

August, 1861.

"DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS?"

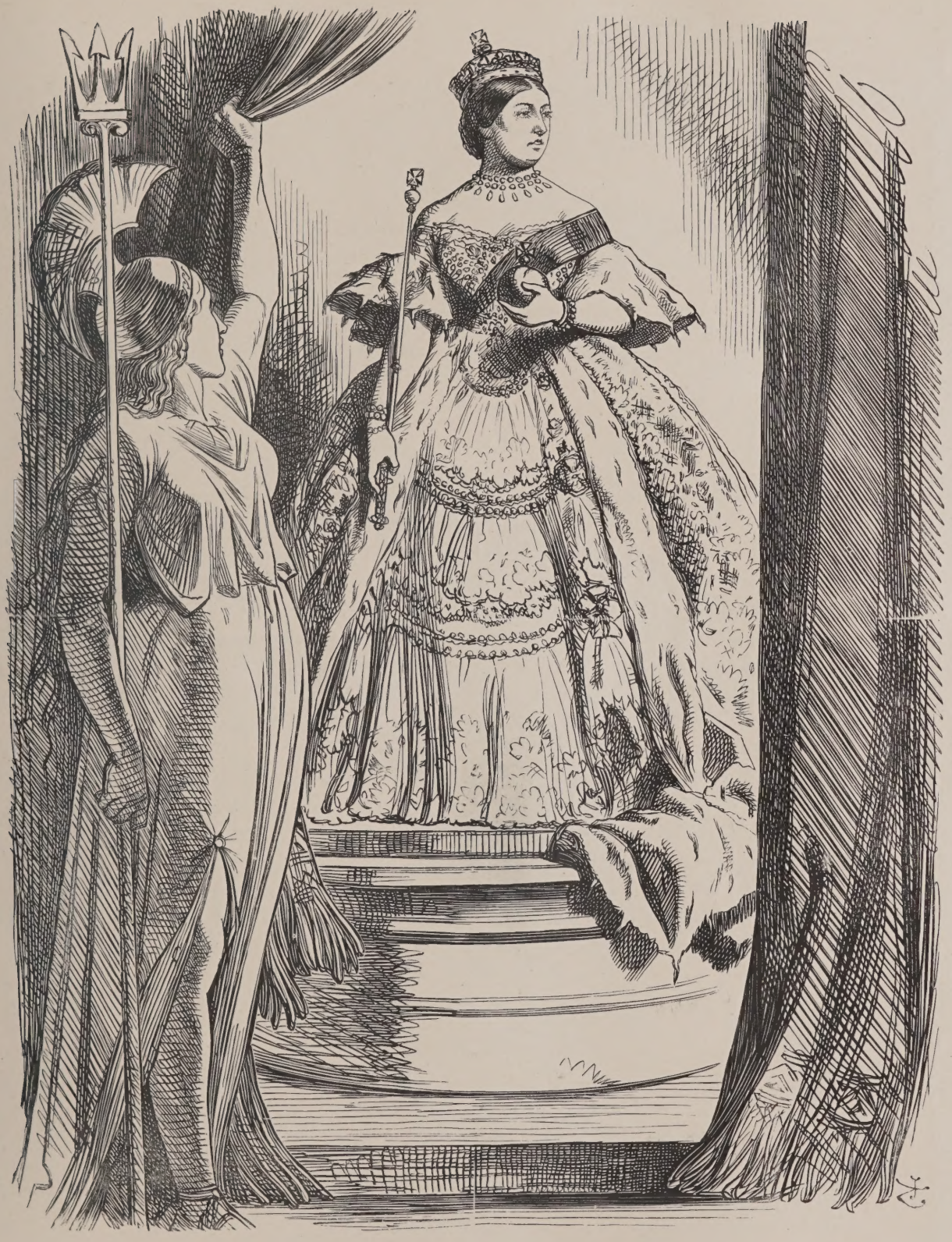
H–R M–J–Y THE Q–N.—"MY DEAR IRELAND, HOW MUCH BETTER YOU LOOK SINCE MY LAST VISIT. I AM **SO** GLAD!"

XL.

UPON the death of the Prince Consort the Queen shut herself up with her sorrow. For upwards of two years she refrained from showing herself in public, even for the quietest function. The first time she was seen in her widowed state was in the spring of 1864, when she visited a flower show at the Horticultural Gardens, Kensington. Mr. Punch, in a Cartoon published at a date approaching the fourth anniversary of the great bereavement, delicately suggests that the days of mourning, inasmuch as they clashed with the performance of duties pertaining to her high estate, might now be regarded as over.

In the spring of the next year the Queen opened Parliament in person, and in the autumn, opening the Aberdeen Waterworks, spoke in public for the first time since the death of the Prince Consort.

September, 1865.



QUEEN HERMIONE.

PAULINA (BRITANNIA) UNVEILS THE STATUE.—"'TIS TIME! DESCEND; BE STONE NO MORE!"
—*Winter's Tale, Act IV., Scene 3.*

XLI.

THE beginning of the year 1868 saw the country at the height of the Fenian scare. Just before Christmas a party of Fenians raided a Martello tower at Queenstown, and carried off 300 lbs. of gunpowder. A day or two later a gang of eight in broad daylight entered the shop of a Cork gunsmith, picked up sixty revolvers and 1,500 lbs. of gunpowder, and walked off with their plunder. A short time earlier Clerkenwell Prison had been blown up in an attempt to rescue two prisoners, Burke and Casey, detained there for trial on charge of Fenianism.

One of the first duties of Parliament when it met was the passing of a Bill suspending the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland till March, 1869. Something like a state of terror prevailed, the Fenians having given abundant evidence of their recklessness and disregard for public life. Amid such circumstances Mr. Punch puts his question to the Queen, and amid the plaudits of her subjects receives pleasing reply.

January, 1868.

"WHO'S AFRAID?"

MR. PUNCH.—"ON BEHALF OF MYSELF AND THE REST OF THE NATION, MAY I ASK—IS YOUR MAJESTY AFRAID?"
THE QUEEN.—"AFRAID! O DEAR NO, MR. PUNCH! ARE YOU?"

XLII.

THE long fight round the Irish Church Bill in the Session of 1869 reached its most critical stage when, on July 20th, the Bill went back to the Lords, their amendments ruthlessly amended. Lord Granville, in his bland way, tried to make the best of what a majority of the Lords regarded as a very bad business. Their Lordships had riddled with sixty-two amendments the Bill as it left the Commons. But, as Lord Granville said, with an air of amazement at the moderation of the Commons, of the sixty-two more than half—thirty-five, to be precise—were adopted. It was true that eleven were re-modelled and thirteen rejected. What were these among so many?

The Lords blazed forth in a flame of wrath that threatened to burn up the Bill and bring about a fight to the death between the two Houses. Lord Cairns said "the so-called concessions" amounted to nothing more than grammatical criticism. Lord Salisbury cried aloud that the House of Lords were "called upon to yield not to the demands of a nation, but to the arrogant will of a single man." Lord Winchelsea, his loyalty to the Church momentarily overcoming the placid piety of his daily habit, denounced Mr. Gladstone as Jack Cade. As for himself, he was ready to lay his head on the block rather than consent to the spoliation of the Church. Lord Grey made so violent a speech that the Duke of Argyle, who has no sympathy with invective, fastened upon him the historic name "the Chartered Libertine of Debate."

On a division, taken amid a scene of excitement rarely seen in the House of Lords, the Government were defeated by 173 votes against 95. Lord Granville thereupon moved the adjournment, in order, as he ominously put it, that the Government might consider their position.

It seemed as if all was up with the Bill, the labour of the Session lost, and an angry conflict for supremacy between the two Houses imminent. Mr. Punch brings Queen Elizabeth on the scene, with suggestion of the course she, in similar circumstances, would have been disposed to take. Only within the last couple of years has it been made known what other and equally effective course Queen Victoria took at this grave crisis. Her personal interposition had much to do with the compromise that, two days after all seemed lost in the House of Lords, floated the storm-driven argosy into safe anchorage.

July, 1869.

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

GHOST OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.—"AGREED, HAVE THEY? ODS BODDIKINS! GADS MY LIFE, AND MARRY COME UP, SWEETHEART! IN *MY* TIME I'D HAVE KNOCKED ALL THEIR ADDLEPATES TOGETHER TILL THEY *HAD* AGREED!"

XLIII.

IN March, 1874, the victorious troops came back from Ashantee, bringing King Coffee's umbrella with them. This unique spoil was presented to the Queen, and is to this day stored in Windsor Castle. The transports arriving with the troops at Portsmouth were welcomed with tremendous cheers by a mighty crowd. Votes of thanks were passed in both Houses of Parliament to the officers and men. Mr. Punch dropped into lilting verse in honour of the happy day—

> "With joy, we bid those home again we grieved to send away,
> All England swells the welcome which Portsmouth speaks to-day;
> God bless you, gallant red-coats, and blue-jackets, one and all,
> Still ready to go anywhere, do aught at Duty's call!
>
> "Old England's spirit is not dead. It is not like to die
> While over yon bronzed faces the old flag flaunts the sky;
> And 'tis Old England's blood that speaks in warmth of heart and hand,
> To welcome back her war-worn sons, once more, to England's strand!"

The climax of enthusiasm was reached when the Queen reviewed the troops in the Great Park at Windsor. They were only 1,600 strong, a mere group compared with the armies of the Continent. But they chanced, as is shown in the Picture, to be representative of all the nationalities, both branches of the service, and some of the most famous regiments. There was a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, a detachment of the Royal Engineers, some men of the Royal Marines, Light Infantry, the 42nd Highlanders, and the Welsh Fusiliers, with their goat.

On the Parade Ground, the Queen invested Sir Garnet Wolseley with the insignia of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, making him a K.C.B. to boot. On the breast of Lord Gifford she pinned the Victoria Cross, in recognition of distinguished valour on the battlefield. Captain Sartorius and Sergeant McGaw, of the 42nd Highlanders, received the same proud guerdon.

April, 1874.

THE LEVÉE OF THE SEASON.

XLIV.

IN the spring of 1876 the new wing of the London Hospital, added by the munificence of the Grocers' Company, was completed. £20,000 was the sum expended in carrying out this kindly thought. The Queen readily fell in with a suggestion that she should personally associate herself with the good work. She not only consented to open the building, but gave London excuse for making holiday by driving to the City in semi-state.

The month of March, albeit the ceremony was fixed for an early day when the leonine mood rageth, was in courtier mood. The sun shone as if it were midsummer. The route lay along the Mall, up the Thames Embankment, by Queen Victoria Street, Cornhill, and Leadenhall Street. The City burst forth with bunting and scarlet cloth, making a show as brave as if it stood on the Arno or the Tiber, instead of on the banks of the soiled Thames.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice, who accompanied her, had an ovation just as long as the route. On arriving at the Hospital, her Majesty was received by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Cambridge, the Bishop of London, the Home Secretary, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, together with the President, Treasurer, and Governors of the Hospital. An address was read and graciously replied to.

Then came the most interesting episode of the day, depicted on the opposite page. The Queen went round the wards, saying kind things to the patients, lingering longest by the bedside of the sick children.

March, 1876.

HER BEST TITLE—"QUEEN OF THE EAST."

"MY DARLING, I HOPE YOU WILL BE BETTER NOW!"

The New Wing of the London Hospital, given by the Grocers' Company, was opened by Her Majesty in person, March 7th, 1876.

XLV.

IN the second year of the epoch when he governed as well as reigned in the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli characteristically resolved to make his Sovereign Empress of India. The proposal stirred the public mind, arousing the hostility of the deeply-rooted Conservatism which preferred the quiet dignity of the style Queen of Great Britain and Ireland to new-fangled gauds. A correspondent writing to Mr. Punch from far-off Cathay, expresses the drift of public opinion on the subject.

"Tidings come from your land of the setting sun," he writes, "that your Queen Victoria, who, for a thousand years, has worn a crown more wonderful than even the lamp of Aladdin or the seal of Solomon, for its power of calling men and Jins from the east and the west, from the north and the south, to do her service by sea and by land, has been persuaded to listen to an old Hebrew magician, who has offered in exchange for that venerable talisman of sovereignty a new one, made of what your goldsmiths who travel into these regions tell us is of the metal called Brummagem, electro-gilded in Parisian fashion upon German metal. Will not your Queen or her advisers take warning, before it is too late, that the new crown has none of the marvellous powers of the old one?"

In the House of Commons opposition was hampered by fear of appearing to slight the Queen. Mr. Gladstone declined to take the responsibility of dividing the House on the question. But he urged that the second reading of the Bill should not be insisted upon until fuller opportunity had been given for considering the whole matter. Mr. Disraeli was insistent. Against the argument that the title was un-English he quoted Spenser, who, in dedicating the "Faërie Queene" to Elizabeth, hailed her Empress. On more serious ground he urged the alleged enthusiasm of the people of India, and besought the House to pass the Bill without a division, so that the countless peoples of India might feel "they had touched a sympathetic chord which vibrated in English hearts."

More powerful than the Premier's argument was the majority behind it. After animated debates the Bill passed both Houses, and thenceforward the style of the Queen runs thus: Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith, and Empress of India.

April, 1876.

"NEW CROWNS FOR OLD ONES!"

(*ALADDIN adapted.*)

XLVI.

IN its way—and its way was diametrically opposite to ordinary direction—the withdrawal of Mr. Disraeli from the House of Commons was strikingly dramatic. The secret of his acceptance of a Peerage was faithfully kept. It is probable on the night that he last sat on the Treasury Bench it was not shared by six men in the House. Everything bore its ordinary appearance. A troublesome Session was sinking to a peaceful end. The Appropriation Bill had been brought in, and on this August 11th, 1876, was set down for third reading.

The Opposition seized the opportunity to make a final attack on the foreign policy of the Government. Mr. Gladstone, all unconscious of the momentous change at hand, was not in his place to hear the last speech of Mr. Disraeli, as, thirty-nine years earlier, he chanced to hear his first. Sir William Harcourt led the attack from the Front Opposition Bench, and had the distinction of bringing up the Premier.

After some genial chaff of the Rhodian eloquence of the ex-Solicitor-General, Mr. Disraeli proceeded to defend on high imperial grounds the foreign policy of his Cabinet. Deprecating the charge of upholding Turkey from blind superstition, or from lack of sympathy with the highest aspirations of humanity, he declared that "our duty at this critical moment is to maintain the Empire of England. Nor," he added, "will we agree to any step, though it may obtain for a moment comparative quiet and a false prosperity, that hazards the existence of that Empire."

Thus it came to pass that Empire was the final word of Mr. Disraeli to the House of Commons.

In accordance with the daily habit of Ministers, the Premier would have passed out behind the Speaker's Chair as soon as the conclusion of the night's business set him free. I well remember how, on this particular night, he walked the full length of the House, turned about at the Bar, glanced round the familiar scene, and walked out, nevermore to return.

The next morning's papers blurted forth his secret, hailing him Earl of Beaconsfield.

August, 1876.

EMPRESS AND EARL;

OR, ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.—"THANKS, YOUR MAJESTY! I MIGHT HAVE HAD IT BEFORE! *NOW* I THINK I HAVE *EARNED* IT

XLVII.

ON January 1st, 1877, India received a New Year's gift in the person of an Empress. Neither money nor pains were spared to make the ceremony of the Proclamation worthy the occasion. The fact that Lord Lytton chanced at this epoch to be Viceroy did not tend to minimise the barbaric splendour of the performance.

It was at Delhi, City of the ancient Kings, that the Kaiser-i-Hind was proclaimed. Over threescore ruling chiefs, nearly three hundred titular chiefs, flocked to do homage to the Empress. Beyond these, every province sent its best-born and most distinguished sons. On the stroke of noon the Queen's proclamation was read, first in English, then in Urdu. A Royal salute was fired, and a score of military bands played the National Anthem.

Before the Durbar broke up a cable message was received from the Queen and Empress, warmly greeting her Indian subjects.

Proclamations, identical in terms, were made in Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. These proceedings, though hearty enough, lacked the splendour of the scene over which Lord Lytton delighted to preside. Gold medals were struck in commemoration of the event, and were presented to the principal chiefs, the governors, and lieutenant-governors of the provinces.

January, 1877.

KAISER-I-HIND.

(Queen proclaimed Empress of India at Delhi, January 1st, 1877.)

XLVIII.

THOMAS EDWARD, Naturalist and Cobbler, enjoys the advantage that the story of his honourable, arduous life has been told by Mr. Samuel Smiles. Edward was a cobbler in Banff, and for fifty years earned his living at the soutar's stool, his average wage being nine shillings a week. Upon this he (or probably his wife) managed to bring up in decent fashion a family of eleven children.

In supplement of his daily struggle for bread, Edward pursued researches into natural history that brought him tardy but distinguished recognition, inasmuch as he was made Associate of the Linnæan Society. That was a distinction, but it did not help either to fill the pot or keep it boiling. In his sixty-third year more substantial aid came in the shape of a well-deserved pension of £50 a year charged upon the Civil List.

February, 1877

THOMAS EDWARD, NATURALIST AND COBBLER.

XLIX.

THE Diamond Jubilee Year of the Queen sees Famine stalking through India, as it saw it just twenty years ago. 1877 and 1897 are linked by this dolefully clanking chain. In the very first year of her titular reign in India the Empress-Queen's dominion was, as is shown in the Cartoon, disputed by this other monarch. 1877 and 1897 have the happier touch in common, that at both crises the British public rushed to the aid of the starving population of India.

On August 15th, 1877, the Lord Mayor, taking his seat on the Bench at the Mansion House, called attention to the Famine, and invited public subscriptions for its relief. Within a week £24,000 was subscribed. By September 22nd a quarter of a million was in hand. Relief works were started by the Government. In an incredibly short time two millions and a half of starving people swarmed around them. To every man was each day secured his daily bread. Nevertheless, in the month of July, the mortality ran up 80,000 over the average. There was too much reason to fear that this increment was due to deaths by famine.

Appeals constantly made to the British public were nobly responded to, and by New Year's Day, 1878, the Mansion House Fund passed the stately limits of half a million. The Queen, who had watched the struggle in India with keenest interest, sent from Osborne a New Year's message to the Lord Mayor, expressing her gratification at the magnificent result of the Mansion House collections.

September, 1877.

"DISPUTED EMPIRE!"

L.

THE return of the first day's elections after the Dissolution of March, 1880, justified Mr. Gladstone's famous boast that the flowing tide was with the Liberal party. The ground then gained was never lost. The Liberals stormed post after post, till the great majority which had sustained Mr. Disraeli throughout the Parliament of 1874 was swept away, and one equally irresistible placed at the back of the new Liberal Premier.

But who was he to be? That was the critical question in an unparalleled situation. The nominal Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons at the date of the Dissolution was Lord Hartington, who, at the invitation of the party, had loyally come forward to take, if not to fill, the seat vacated by Mr. Gladstone. Actually, as every one admitted, the real leader of the Liberal party was the Veteran Statesman, the Great Orator, who, summoned from his seclusion by the cry of bleeding Bulgaria, carried the fiery cross through England far north of the Tweed, arousing an enthusiasm that swept away the apparently impregnable Ministerial forces.

The Queen sent for Lord Hartington, and invited him to form a Ministry. Lord Hartington's hard-headed common sense acknowledged the impossibility of any arrangement but one. The Queen, recognising the inevitable, sent for Mr. Gladstone. And here is the master workman, Cabinet-making.

It is only seventeen years ago. But a great deal has happened in the interval. Of the statesmen whose names appear on the panel of the Cabinet of 1880, the three in a line at the top are dead. Lord Hartington is Duke of Devonshire, prized colleague of Lord Salisbury. Mr. Chamberlain is Colonial Secretary in a Conservative Government. Only Sir William Harcourt serves under the same flag, and has succeeded to Mr. Gladstone's place in the House of Commons.

May, 1880.

CABINET-MAKING.

HEAD CARPENTER.—"I HOPE YOUR MAJESTY LIKES THE NEW CABINET. IT'S BEEN HARD WORK—SUCH A QUANTITY OF MATERIAL!"

THE QUEEN.—"I SEE MOST OF IT IS WELL SEASONED—LET US HOPE THE NEW WOOD WILL STAND WELL!"

LI.

THE year 1882 saw the completion of a beneficent work shrewdly undertaken by the Corporation of the City of London. At that time, with a Liberal Government in power, there was some ominous talk of reforming the Corporation. It was averred that it no longer served the public cause, spending large revenues chiefly for the gratification of over-fed Aldermen. Some wise men in the Corporation resolved to meet this allegation by showing what they could do in the way of public benefaction.

The Corporation accordingly took Epping Forest in hand, set it in order, and secured its use for all time for the public. The Queen, ever forward in good works, stamped this particular one with the favour of her presence. Accompanied by Princess Beatrice, she proceeded in state from Windsor to Epping Forest. She was received by the Duke of Connaught (Ranger of the Forest), the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and an immense multitude of enthusiastic citizens.

May, 1882.

MAY-QUEENS AT EPPING FOREST.

(A Design for "Windsor Tapestry.")

LII.

THE rebellion of Arabi Pasha necessitating the despatch of an expeditionary force to Egypt, there occurred to some one in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet the happy thought of associating native Indian troops with the Home Forces. It was an idea which Mr. Disraeli, had he been alive, would have been glad to father.

It struck the public sentiment at home and abroad, disclosing, as in a flash of lightning, the new possibilities of England's force in the field. Her fleet was unapproachable, equal to a combination of any two great naval Powers. Her Army, as compared with what Russia, Germany, or France could mobilise, was but an inconsiderable battalion. Given the possibilities of making drafts on the warlike hordes of India, England, with her long purse, might in time of emergency count upon an Army as mighty as her Navy is matchless.

The experiment proved in every way a brilliant success. The Indian native troops were proud of the privilege of marching shoulder to shoulder with the regiments that had conquered and reconquered India. They did excellent service in the brilliant campaign that saw Tel-el-Kebir fought on one day, Cairo captured on the next.

As was meet, they shared in the reception of the victorious troops on their return to England. A party of officers and men, selected from the Indian regiments that had served in Egypt, were brought over to this country, and handsomely housed at Wimbledon. They fell in among the troops reviewed in St. James's Park by the Queen on November 18th, 1882, and took their share of medals, distributed a few days later at Windsor by the Empress's own hand.

December, 1882.

VICTORIA REGINA ET IMPERATRIX.

SHADE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.—"NOW—YOU REMEMBER *ME!*"

LIII.

FOR the last time in her long reign the Queen opened Parliament in person in the Session of 1886. It was a final mark of favour to the heritors of Mr. Disraeli's power, and was the more marked by reason of the absolute hopelessness of the situation. "The Stop-Gap Government," as Mr. Chamberlain wittily called it when, in June, 1885, an unexpected concatenation of circumstances called it into being, was heavily routed at the General Election that took place in the following December. Mr. Gladstone, after a brief exile, came back to power stronger than ever. He was free from the domination of the Irish members. If they stood aside from any division the Liberals could beat the Conservatives by a satisfactory majority of eighty-four. If Tories and Irish Nationalists joined forces they could beat the Government by two. But in order to encompass that end, they must needs achieve the practically impossible feat of polling every man from either camp.

Unlike Mr. Disraeli in 1880, Lord Salisbury resolved to meet Parliament, facing it from the Ministerial Bench. To this gallant but hopeless effort the Queen lent the encouragement of her rare presence. It was unavailing against the inevitable. On January 21st the Queen opened Parliament in person, her speech being drafted in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet. Five days later, on an amendment to the Address, moved, of all men, by Mr. Jesse Collings, the Government were defeated, and Mr. Gladstone, with his Home Rule Bill in his pocket, entered upon his last tussle with fortune.

January, 1886.

"THE QUEEN! THE QUEEN!"

(Scene from the revival of a grand Elizabethan Drama at the Theatre Royal, Westminster.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:—"*GLORIANA*" . . . HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY. *SIR WALTER RALEIGH* . . . LORD SALISBURY.
EARL OF LEICESTER . . . RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

LIV.

THE Queen at Hatfield, guest of Robert Gascoigne Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury, suggests an inevitable parallel. Here it is—Queen Victoria in Queen Elizabeth's dress and a nineteenth century Lord Salisbury in the costume of the sixteenth century.

Hatfield is full of memories of Queen Elizabeth which could not fail to interest her successor in a longer reign, starred with not less glorious achievements.

August, 1887.

HATFIELD, 1573 and 1887.

THE LORDLY CECIL ENTERTAINS HIS SOVEREIGN.

LV.

CARDINAL MANNING succeeded Cardinal Wiseman in the Archbishopric of Westminster on June 8th, 1865. This would seem to make his silver jubilee fall in the year 1890, at which epoch it was, indeed, celebrated by some of his friends. In June of that year there was a gathering at his house at Westminster, the visitors bringing gifts with them in honour of his jubilee. Mr. Punch, taking time by the forelock, celebrates the event in the first week of 1888, gracefully connecting it with the Jubilee of the Queen, for which the bells had pealed in the preceding summer.

"Two Jubilees! Patriot *Punch* is nothing loth
In line and verse to celebrate them both.
True freeman he, unfettered
By servile fear, or hate's poor purblind heat.
When such great opposites in friendship meet,
Wit and the world seem bettered."

The Pope, not to be far outstripped by the Pontiff of Fleet Street, had a gold medal struck in celebration of the silver jubilee, and despatched it in January, 1889, eighteen months before the Cardinal's twenty-fifth year's service was complete.

January, 1888.

TWO JUBILEES.

A HARMONY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

LVI.

A LITTLE more than a year after he came to the throne the young German Emperor paid a visit to "Grandmamma." It proved one of a steady succession, but at the time its novelty excited much attention. The young Emperor crossed the sea in state, escorted to Spithead by a squadron of the German Navy. He was received by the Prince of Wales, and conducted to Osborne where the Queen was staying.

On the day after his arrival he was to have inspected the British Fleet off Portsmouth. But since Armada days the English Channel is inclined to grow turbulent when foreign navies float upon its bosom, albeit they come with friendly mission. A gale suddenly sprung up, and raged with such violence that the naval review had to be postponed for two days.

It came off after all, and the German Emperor had the opportunity of profiting by the object lesson delivered for his benefit by his thoughtful "Grandmamma."

August, 1889.

VISITING GRANDMAMMA.

GRANDMA' VICTORIA.—"NOW, WILLIE DEAR, YOU'VE PLENTY OF *SOLDIERS* AT HOME; LOOK AT THESE PRETTY *SHIPS*, I'M SURE YOU'LL BE PLEASED WITH *THEM!*"

LVII.

IN August, 1889, the Queen paid a short visit to Wales. Bala, Wrexham, and Llangollen were visited in succession. At Llangollen the Princess Beatrice, who accompanied her mother, went down a coal mine and watched the men at work. Everywhere the population turned out to greet the Queen, whose visit evoked great enthusiasm.

The event naturally revived the long-cherished desire of Ireland that once again she might see the Queen. In the Cartoon we see a colleen, having come upon the Queen's carriage whilst the horses' heads were still turned Holyhead way, pressing the invitation.

The prayer was not effective, her Majesty hurrying off from Wales to pay her accustomed autumn visit to beloved Balmoral.

August, 1889.

"COME BACK TO ERIN!"

THE COLLEEN.—"IF YE PLASE, YURE MAJESTY, AS YE'VE SEEN ME SISTHERS AT HOME, SHURE WON'T YE COME AN' SEE *ME*?—YE'LL BE VERY WELCOME!!"

LVIII.

ON February 26th, 1891, Portsmouth Dockyard was in festive array. Two new ships, bolder than anything yet numbered in the fleet, had been completed. One was the largest battleship up to date built in Great Britain. The Queen consented to honour the occasion by launching and naming the vessels. Accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught, her Majesty successfully launched the mammoth ships, naming one the *Royal Arthur*, the other the *Royal Sovereign*.

These water babies, as Mr. Punch, with proud playfulness, calls the ships, were giants in those days. In these later times the *Royal Sovereign*, standing alone with her 4,150 tons, has been joined by quite a fleet of battleships of the *Magnificent* type, bigger by nearly a thousand tons, laid on the stocks and launched, fully armed, within the space of a year, which thus far in the tired century beats the record.

February, 1891.

"THE WATER BABIES AND THE ROYAL GODMOTHER."

LIX.

THE visit of the Czar to the Queen in the autumn of 1896 was persistently declared to be of a private character. It was timed for a date at which her Majesty would be in her Highland home, remote from Parliaments and politics. It was, however, coincidental with gathering storm and stress on the Continent. The Eastern question, roused once more by murder and rapine in Armenia, soon to culminate in crisis in Crete, threatened European war.

It was felt that the issues of peace or war rested with the young Czar. It was rumoured that he was personally inclined to associate himself with England in delivering the Armenians from the thraldom of the Turk, and averting war by a solid settlement of that difficulty. The views and desires of England on the subject were unmistakably declared through the Press and at public meetings. As far as Lord Salisbury's published despatches or public utterances had revealed the mind of the Cabinet, it was, in this matter, in unison with public sentiment. If only in quiet council taken at Balmoral the Czar could be brought cordially to co-operate with England in this hour of difficulty, all would be well for Armenia and for Europe.

Thus, according to the prescient Mr. Punch, the venerable Queen greeted the youthful Czar—

> "To Deeside you have come.
> Wise counsels be your guide.
> Here, in our Highland home,
> For lasting Peace decide."

October, 1896.

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS."

HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY.—"ADIEU! DEAR KINSMAN! IF WE BUT ACT TOGETHER, ALL WILL BE WELL.

["It has been officially announced that the visit of the Emperor and Empress to the Queen at Balmoral will terminate Saturday, October 3rd."]

LX.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN is the Queen's year, the sixtieth anniversary of a memorable reign. To young Master Ninety-seven Mr. Punch gaily sings—

"A Happy New Year! Well, you *ought* to be happy,
As sixtieth one of a glorious reign!
A chorus of cheers greets your advent, young chappie,
And not all for *you*, boy, so do not be vain.
Far stronger and sweeter than music and metre
Can wholly do justice to, memories flock
From six crowded decades. Time's footsteps seem fleeter
Than then in the thirties; more rapidly knock
Time's brood at our doorway. Yet young Ninety-Seven,
We welcome you gaily and banish poor fear;
And wish all the world, by the blessing of Heaven,
A Happy New Year!"

On this the eve of the Queen's birthday there yet remain months of the year into which great events may be crammed. Up to mid-April it was hoped that strenuous efforts, in which the Queen has taken an anxious part, would have averted war. That hope suffered sudden extinction, and the Jubilee year has not proved a year of peace on earth and goodwill among men.

England, having done her best for peace' sake, stands apart from the fray, the nation united in preparation for rendering full honour to the day that shall see the sixtieth anniversary of Victoria's reign.

January, 1897.

THE QUEEN'S YEAR!

L'ENVOIE.

ONCE a week for more than half a century Mr. Punch has, with impartial view, surveyed mankind from China to Peru. His Cartoon crystallises the history of the week. With what precision it touches the question of the hour is indicated by the circumstance that the British public, taking up its *Punch* on Wednesday morning, instinctively concludes that, after the manner of paragraphs in the daily newspapers, the Cartoon was devised, drawn, engraved, and printed in Fleet Street on the previous night.

As a matter of fact, *Punch's* Cartoon for the current week is devised in Cabinet Council exactly seven days before it flashes forth upon a pleased and instructed universe. The work is nothing when you are used to it. But let any assembly of ordinary statesmen sit at a round table, look carefully ahead, conceive how a particular burning question of the hour will be developed a week later, and sketch the situation as it is likely to present itself on the following Wednesday morning.

In this volume are garnered sixty Cartoons, in which the circumstances of the hour have ordered that the Queen shal personally figure. The collection has its interest from a historic point of view, touching, as it does, upon the principal epoch-making incidents in a long reign. It has, further, the special advantage of indicating the growing confidence and affection mutually established between the people and the Queen, as lengthening years brought closer acquaintance.

In his lusty youth, Punch, faithful mirror of the humours, conviction, and prejudices of the hour, was not so reverent in his bearing towards the Sovereign as he is to-day, and has been for a quarter of a century. The change is sharply marked by consideration of the first and last Cartoon in this volume. The un-queenly person whom Punch, years ago, conceived appropriate and suitable for the public taste has developed into the stately lady limned on the opposite page.

This is a transformation slowly but surely wrought by the talents and the virtues of the

> "Lady, our true, brave Queen of Hearts, whose reign outrecords now
> Our strongest Kings, and our noblest Queens. The sturdiest Briton's brow
> In reverence bends and in honest love and patriot pride to-day
> O'er the woman's hand that a sceptre grand hath known so well to sway."

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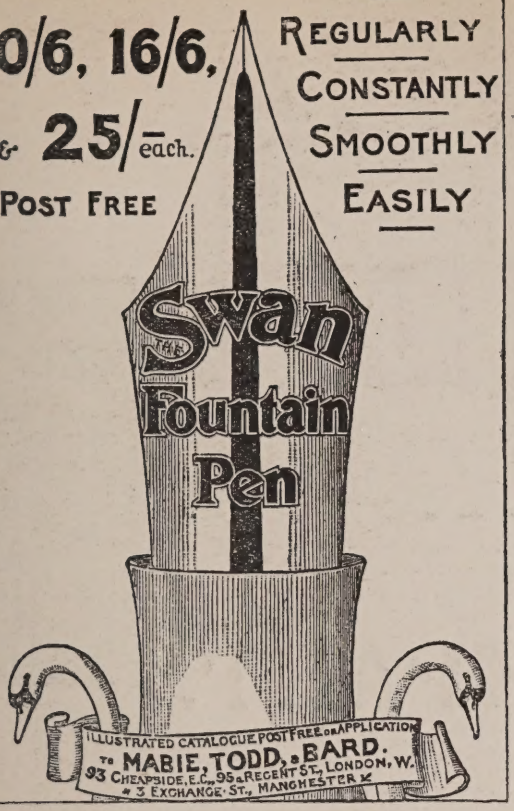
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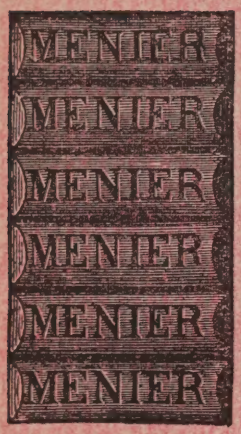

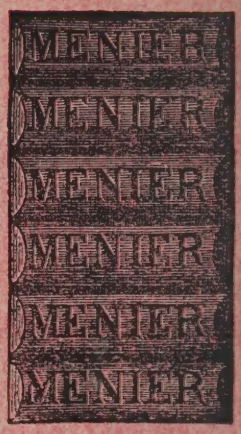

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